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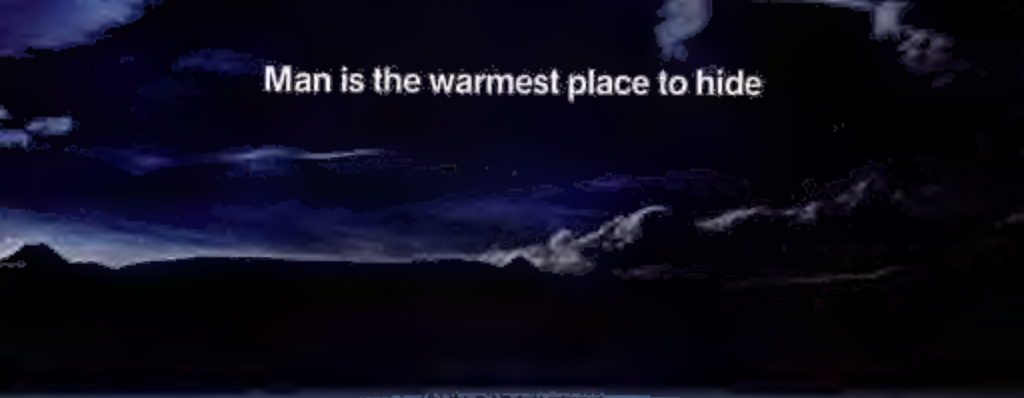

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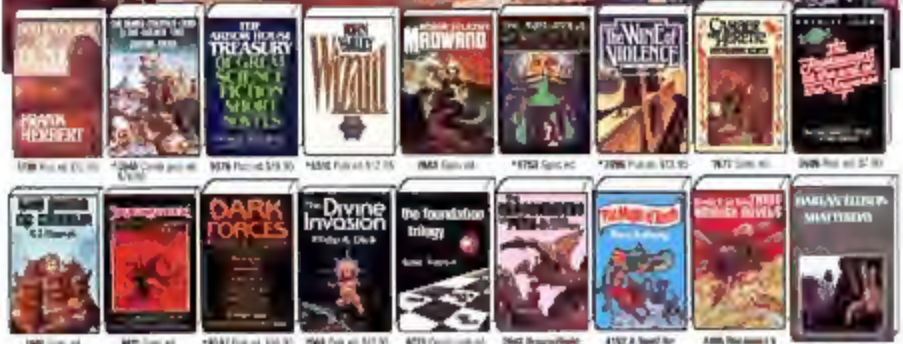

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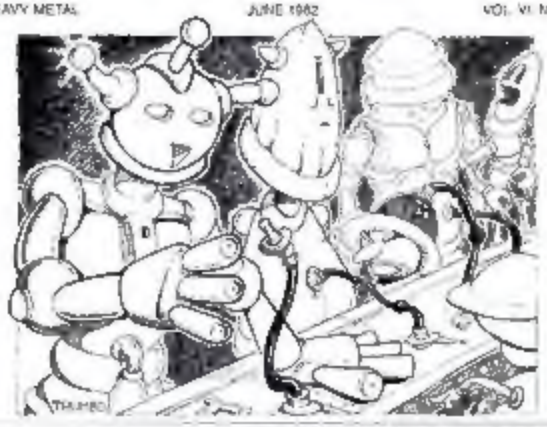

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"THE ROAD WARRIOR"
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R

"THE ROAD WARRIOR" EXPERIENCE STARTS SOON!

Philip K. Dick (1928–1982)

Photograph by Nicolle Dilyard Panther

It's almost impossible to write an obituary for someone you care about deeply without sounding maudlin, sentimental, inevitable, the first thoughts to arise are selfish—and the gut opposite at one caused by the sense of your loss. It's a personal and private thing.

Philip K. Dick died this past March 2, from a stroke he had suffered eleven days earlier. Experiencing the shock and regret of so many for Dick's untimely death has proven excruciatingly difficult, the anguish interwoven by the seeming irrelevance that my chance to meet face-to-face the person whose work most influenced my life is gone. I've known it, and it hurts.

So this won't be an obituary or eulogy. The only salve for the very thought who I feel is to attempt it—that use the self-pitying selfishness and probe the special qualities of Dick's writing that so profoundly touched me and a good many people I know as well. Communicating a sense of this unique power might offer a small consolation.

Dick's thirty-odd body of work (forty published books, of which six didn't stand of the 100 short stories not collected into novels) yields a compassionate and sensitive man's complex response to an absurd world that sometimes seems out to get you. Individually, the books are inconsistent; crudely constructed, frequently brilliant but hastily written and occasionally so full of holes that your fingers stick through but you can't let that matter. The effect seems to gradually over the course of several books, leaking through the cracked walls battering your worldview, taking root in your subconscious, like some insidious contagion. Characters of the shoddy versions of complacency, you're glued by the addict-dread realization: *Reality is not what it seems.* In *UBIK*, common coins begin decomposing into their mechanistic ancestors. In *Time Out of Joint*, a soft drink stand is a jack decorations, and a piece of paper flutters to the ground. Pressed on it are the words, "SOFT DRINK STAND." and the facade crumbles. In *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, the title character's looming visage of menace, the eyed and iron-jawed, intrudes into every aspect of the hallucinogenic-drenched reality of the protagonist. In "Faith of Our Fathers," the hero might fancy his mandatory dose of hallucinogens and begins to perceive things as they really are. In *The Penultimate Truth*, the world's population labors at subterranean factory-fabrication-manufacturing weapons for use in the devastating, always-present war. Until someone climbs to the surface and discovers underthing quite different.

The cumulative impact is devastating. In Dick's universe you take nothing for granted. Not only have all authority figures lied to you, but mainly has lied to you as well. Says a character in *Galactic Pot-Healer*, "In our society, *everybody* is used up." But lawyers paranoid, Dick's vision isn't despairing. There is always hopefulness within the entropic decay, humor in the absurdity, and redemption in the superhuman abilities of ordinary humans to cope with extraordinary circumstances. We can make it. We may not triumph heroically over the hell down, anyway—but, goddamn it, we'll survive. Humans will survive as long as they retain their humanity. Dick says, and the measure of humanity is the capacity for caring. In both *The Zap Gun* and *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* the characters' ability to feel empathy both marks them as human (indistinguishable from near-perfect androids in the latter) and assures their salvation (learning empathy from a children's toy saves them from an alien invasion in the former).

And it's all so fucking cosmic . . . a writer most concerned with the power of human caring was cursed for so little by the rest of us . . . and was not as he had achieved some measure of comfort in his life, recognition and appreciation for his value as a contemporary American writer, and seemingly imminent mass-culture success (contacts at *Blade Runner*—by all accounts, including Dick's own, an accurate portrayal of his vision—. . . no dice. It's so maddening it's almost funny—and as Dick was driven to find the humor in even the most bizarre of circumstances, I'm sure somewhere he's getting one goddamn big laugh out of this. I hope I will at some point.

—Lou Stathis

DOSSIER

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Popism
Why I Hate It

I just love Chic and Gary Glitter," Flying Lizards' head herpetologist David Cunningham gushed a few years back. With clenched teeth stifling a gag, I foolishly allowed the man to continue. "More creativity goes into pop music than rockin' roll by far."

While two years' worth of liberal Preparation-H application seems to have helped my swollen shoot glands, I continue to resist any taste-change operations. Alleged creativity or not, most pop still comes in at lowest-common-denominator aural Wonder Bread, beamed at Twinkie-fed brains in order to render them tranquilized and harmless. Except for a few rare innovators (producer/arrangers like Phil Spector and George Martin), pop product lacks adventure, risk, challenge, and originality (its very nature demands familiarity). Designed chiefly for consumption by adolescents (and those of comparable maturity), it force-mutates complex adult emotions into Precambrian simplicity via one-syllable truisms, industrial-strength artificial sweetners, and pasteurized-process love food. The creativity Cunningham cited exists only in construction, not in substance.

Fully cognizant of these prejudices, I steer clear of such obvious danger zones as radio (both am and fm), TV rock shows (Wolfman Jack meets Don the Mummy), and pop rock manufactured with those markets in mind. That way, my tender sensibilities are spared the torment of vacuous garbage like **Quarterflash** (Geffen), retrogressive inanity like the **Go-Go's**' *Beauty and the Beat* (IRS), and even half-horrible stuff like **Dwight Twilley**'s *Scuba Diver* (EMI America). Twilley's songs are driving and pleasantly catchy in a Tom Petty-ish way, but devoid of any new ideas whatsoever (ditto T. P. who acknowledges the worthlessness of his confections).

Pop needn't be a vast wasteland, and some folks do work at bootstrapping it up. **ABBA**, a band I've resolutely ignored for years, proves with *The Visitors* (Atlantic) that adult Euro-pop needn't be an oxymoronic description. They combine Beatle-ish melodicism (simple yet unique) with lush, Spectoresque arrangements, and lyrics that actually say something (yow!) with understated humor and cleverness. Interesting how ABBA's moving toward a central "progressive pop" ground, as ex-"progressives" like **Renaissance**—*Camera Camera* on IRS—and **Genesis**—*Abacab* on Atlantic—head for the same spot from the opposite direction. Genesis in particular sound revitalized—could drummer **Phil Collins** (whose refreshing *Face Value* Atlantic released last year) be exerting more influence?

Persons of the Afro-American persuasion frequently possess a midas pop touch, and undisputably, **James Brown** is the king of kings. While poorly packaged and hastily slapped together, Polydor's *Best of James Brown* struts the Man's stuff convincingly. Inevitably, considering the career expanse covered, quibbles arise (where's "I Feel Good," huh?), but hell, it's only a single LP; more than enough to convey Brown's enormous influence on pop's last two decades. Compare the instrumental interaction of "Sex Machine" and "Popcorn" with that of Sly and Robbie's reggae or Kraftwerk's electropop—like Brown's own elastic body, the parts work brilliantly both as independent entities and in congress.

While his Lordship could be held partially responsible for disco, he can't be blamed for his imitators hosing the soul-sweat out of seventies dance music. Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards' **Chic** (organization, they aptly call it) have produced a string of successful antiseptic disco platters, transforming perspiration into a glow, as it were. *Take It Off* (Atlantic) does it again—okay for a tune or two, but soon smothers itself in Anita Ward Extra Dry England's **Modern Romance**, on *Adventures In Clubland* (Atlantic), bypass the sweat glands entirely by mixing Chic-ish rhythmic rigidity with rap's self-indulgent narcissism. Sleek and stylish, but unfit even for the "Soul Train" caboose.

Lastly, we have **XTC**—the world's best most unsuccessful white pop band. Brilliant but penniless, their five superb LPs issued here on four different labels, are perpetually mislabored with the "too clever for their own good" tag, etc. Criminal horseshit this is. Even better than its predecessors, *English Settlement* (Virgin/Epic) is so full of energy, pure melody, textural embellishment, and classic songwriting, that the ten songs included are only half the band's current output (the import LP has five more songs, a single has three more, a flexi yet another . . .). Like Bowie, XTC are eccentric traditionalists—the only real pop way to go these days.

—Lou Stathis

Popism
Why I Love It

I confess. I am a pop music junkie. I can't deny the wacked-out power am/fm rock schlock has over my underconsciousness, the jolt of feeling alive and that I'll live forever. When I die I want to come back as Bruce Springsteen, Stevie Nicks, Debbie Harry, Linda Ronstadt, Mick Jagger, and Joan Jett singing "I Love Rock 'N' Roll (put another dime in the jukebox, baby)." I reaffirm the rites of rock/role passage as frequently as possible. If there's a J. Geils, Police, or even a Foreigner concert at a mega-sports arena, I want to be there. I buy singles, videodiscs, and albums by golden-oldie superstars and fave-rave new artists and stage rock dance parties with my friends where we trade off as lead singer and backup vocalists.

Like Patti Smith and everyone else who fell in love with rock pop, I'm brain-damaged by the "star making machinery behind the popular song." My lowest moments come when I hand over money for Bee Gees, Barbra Streisand (who I despise), and Willie Nelson albums. I have no tolerance for Broadway show tunes (please go back to Argentina, Evita), Frank Sinatra, and certain forms of country. However, J.S. Bach and Mozart send me; I think of them as The Who, The Beatles, and Talking Heads's David Byrne without hooks and bridges. So, "Start Me Up" because the beat goes on forever.

—Daphne Davis

TOUGH GUYS

Noir Has a Thousand Eyes

Jagged slits of light in the slanted silhouette of a venetian blind angle across a seedy room's darkened wall. The menace of mocking laughter echoes through the narrow alley outside as the shadow of a paranoid fleeing figure extends two stories high up the brick wall. Out of the ominous blackness, neon blinks forever at a bar oasis, signaling impending doom.

The night has a thousand eyes—all watching late show *film noir*, the filmmaking style that flourished from 1941 (*The Maltese Falcon*) to 1958 (*Touch of Evil*). The term *film noir* was coined in 1946 by the French critic Nino Frank, who noted a new strain of cynicism and pessimism in American crime films and its similarity to American authors Cain, Chandler, and Hammett, published in France as *Série Noire*.

To feminist film critics writing in *Women in Film Noir* (NY Zoetrope, 31 E. 12 St., New York, NY 10003), the movement represents a period when patriarchy was challenged by strong female film characters who did not play out the stereotyped Hollywood roles of subordinates to men. Film historian Foster Hirsch illuminates this "dark, urban world of neurotic entrapment leading to delirium" in *The Dark Side of the Screen: Film Noir* (A.S. Barnes, 11175 Flintkote Ave., San Diego, CA 92121) by relentlessly backtracking *noir*'s narrative patterns, literary tradition, and the stylistic influence of both the German Expressionist and Italian Neo-Realist schools. The full scope of *noir* unveils in *Film Noir—An Encyclopedic Reference to the American Style* (Overlook Press, Box 427, Woodstock, NY 12498), a mammoth 400-page compilation of synopses/credits/critiques of 300 *noir* films, all cross-indexed for reference value.

Musical homages to *noir* have surfaced in both the sandpaper-on-mahogany voice of Tom Waits and the evocative, smoky jazz piano nocturnes of Ran Blake (*Film Noir* on Arista). Filmmakers have recently recycled *noir* conventions in such films as Walter Hill's *The Driver* (1978), Mark Reichert's 1980 *Union City* (with Deborah Harry), Amos Poe's *Subway Riders* (1981), Bob Rafelson's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981), Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* (1981), and Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*.

Twenty-nine movies (including *Union City* and Hitchcock's 1954 *Rear Window*) have been adapted from stories and novels by Cornell Woolrich (1903-1968), ranked by Hirsch as "the writer whose sensibility is most deeply *noir*." Woolrich wrote: "I was only trying to surmount for a little while the darkness that all my life I surely knew was going to come rolling in on me some day and obliterate me. I was only trying to stay alive a little brief while longer, after I was already gone." Woolrich lives—not on the mass-market paperback racks—but inside flickering televisions, his luckless, doomed characters, pinioned between brassy commercials, racing through the night toward a deadline at dawn.

—Bhob

Hard-Boiled Dicks

Mickey Spillane is one of the world's best dead writers. His 1947 novel *I, the Jury* (Signet), just re-released as a tie-in to the movie adaptation starring Armand Assante as Mike Hammer, shows its age. The "negroes" in the story (called "jigs" and "bucks") say things like "Yassuh, boss," while rolling their eyes at Mike "beat-it-out-of-'em-if-they're-slow-to-talk" Hammer. Spillane also tosses in a number of irrelevant references to "pansies" and how very revolting they are.

Partly borrowed from Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, the plot of *I, the Jury* is twisty and treacherous. It features a seductive female who leads the detective around by his nose—perhaps nose is the wrong organ here—until he gets wise to her deadly game. Hammer shafts her, as it were, in the finale.

The novel's killer commits a string of grisly murders to cover up an extremely implausible narcotics racket. Spillane clumsily links these killings to a contrived scheme for compelling young women to become hookers. But did I quibble with this while reading the book? Hardly! While Spillane's mucked-up grammar did jolt me now and then, I kept right on. The man's a mesmerist with a gift for sharp, red-edged imagery, and I'd have plugged you in the belly with my trusty .45 if you'd tried to take the book from me.

Mike Hammer's grim sense of humor and S.S.-style ruthlessness appeal to my worst adolescent instincts. Hammer bruises his women when he kisses them. And they love it. Along with Spillane's *Death Wish*-esque, ultraviolent vengeance fetishism, it's where *I, the Jury* interfaces with *The Savages of Gor*, the latest (17th!) novel of women "finding themselves" as bondage slaves in John Norman's Gor series.

Despite appearances, Spillane is most definitely a fantasy writer, and at bottom, he and Norman are in the same league. While the Gor books are "science fiction" with explicit kinky fantasizing, Spillane's detective stories have a strong undercurrent of sleek erotic fantasy—check out the execution scene at the end of *I, the Jury*. Both Spillane and Norman clearly believe that weaklings are best dead or enslaved, that survival of the fittest is an ideal system, that women like to be dominated, and that violence is the quickest way to solve most problems.

The fetishism in *The Savages of Gor* is right out of the *Story of O* but without Pauline Reage's elegance. Norman's hero Tarl Cabot relishes making his "beautiful female slaves" sleep nude on "the cold stone tiles." They speak only when given permission, they call him "Master," and are given a bowl of "slave gruel" after a day's lowly work.

After a tedious initial lecture series the pace picks up when Norman tells vividly of Tarl Cabot's quest into the "Barrens" to save a monstrous alien warlord who was once his hated enemy. It's a muscular narrative and if you have any affinity for Norman's outright perversity and don't mind wading through a few lengthy discourses on Gorean anthropology, you'll likely get caught up and have a pleasurably rugged, manly, macho time of it.

—John Shirley

A Man Called Hammett

In 1917 in Washington, D.C., I met a young woman who did not remark that my work must be very interesting." When Dashiell Hammett wrote those words in 1923, the author of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man* was into his second year as a professional writer, but in 1917, into his second year as a Pinkerton private investigator. As writers Jim Trombetta and Richard Blackburn observed in *Crawdaddy*, "In most Hammett novels, the character of the detective is the real mystery." The same can be said of Hammett himself, who has been subjected to as much public scrutiny as Hemingway and Mailer—first as a celebrated novelist and then as a suspected communist sympathizer, jailed for refusing to testify during the 1950s witch-hunts.

Frederic Forrest as Hammett

The speculation about Hammett's "true" nature continues with Richard Layman's *Shadow Man* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and the upcoming film based on Joe Gores's novel *Hammett*. Layman's exhaustively researched biography falls short of the definitive Hammett study—the relevance of Hammett's world-weariness and love of impromptu character assassination are beyond Layman's comprehension. Whether Wim Wenders's adaptation of Gores's novel will hit the mark remains to be seen. The German director's first English-language film, *The American Friend*, compensated for a thin plot with great characterizations — the exact opposite of Gores's strengths and weaknesses. The two may complement each other. The most hope for success, however, lies in the casting of Frederic Forrest as the 1920s Hammett, beginning his writing career and being lured into his last big murder case. One of the best character actors today, Forrest will likely bring the young Hammett to life, as Jason Robards did the older Hammett in the otherwise tepid *Julia*. If not, it doesn't matter; Hammett's books are still in print.

—Robert Morales

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Scores of hydraulically-swaged, round-nosed projectiles' ripped into the wall behind the man in the jet-black, black combat suit.' He smiled grimly as he pulled his cocked and locked, fully-automatic Metalified VP-70 from its shoulder-stock holster'—the underarm SMB's eighteen 210-grain, hollow-tipped flesh-shredders should be enough to punch these fools' ticket to ride.' Before he stepped from the shadows he reflected, "It's a tough life catching bullets,' but once the guns and fighting get in your blood it's hard to shake them loose."

When Publishers' Row realized that their men's books weren't moving—that the dependable old cowboys, detectives, spies, and Nazis were out there rotting on the stands—panic ensued. The solution: forget the story and give them nothing but guns, blood, and battles. There are a dozen new men's series whose heroes have declared *total* war on the Mafia, the Red Menace, drug runners, international terrorism, and a whole range of uppity Third Worlders. The new boys on the block are all Ihirnish, Vietnam vet, adrenaline junkies with jutting chins. Collectively, they've gunned down enough people to populate Cleveland, and they feel naked wearing anything less than one assault rifle (M-16, AK-47, FN, AKM, or Stoner), a very heavy handgun (.44 Automag, .45 Colt Hardballer, Browning Hi-Power, or an Ingram), and an assortment of high explosives. Needless to say, none of these guns goes swimming.

All you can pick up from this bunch are points for your weapons proficiency exam or a certificate in sudden death. Take away most of these writers' *Shooter's Bible* and you could end their careers. A hardware junkie's paradise where the solution to your frustrations is putting the good guy on one end of a gun and splattering the bad guy with the other.

1. *Death Merchant* by Joseph Rosenberg (Pinnacle). One of the longest running and worst written series, this is blood porn of the lowest order, featuring a mad dog who changes guns more often than his clothes.

0

2. *Mack Bolan, the Executioner* by Don Pendleton (Pinnacle and Gold Eagle). The godfather of gore wiped out the Mafia and has now started in on terrorists. Dependable if formulaic, but a little heavy on the philosophizing.

3. *They Call Me the Mercenary* by Axel Kilgore (Zebra). The most authentic mercenary details but the author can't write.

1/2

4. *Marc Dean, Mercenary* by Peter Buck (Signet). Multi-talented wimp (from harpsichords to high explosives). Stories run in fits and starts as author introduces wildly improbable complications to keep from running out of plot.

5. *Soldier of Fortune* by Peter McCurtin (Tower). Works the Third World circuit and, despite combat bubble gum cards on the back cover, reads like *Perils of Pauline* on PCP.

1/2

6. *The Destroyer* by Warren Murphy (Pinnacle). The very best because this bullet-catching hero lambasts and lampoons the whole gang. Also includes a martial arts master who's one of the great Jewish mothers of all time. A real hoot.

All of the above are awaiting the NRA Seal of Approval.

—Bob Mecoy

SEQUELITIS

Summer's here and Low food sequels engulf us. Back for round two are the all-dancing/all-singing Rydell High gang in *Grease 2* and Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and the *Enterprise* crew in *Star Trek: The Vengeance of Khan*.

The 23rd century dawns with Kirk promoted to space admiral and Spock the mentor of a liberated femme protégée named Lt. Saavik (Kirstie Alley). She's half-Romulan and half-Vulcan and slightly more emotional than Spock but possessed of his problem-solving instinct. As for the villain, Ricardo Montalban resurfaces as Khan, a creature from a 1967 "Star Trek" episode. An early stint of genetic engineering, Khan's hell-bent for revenge on Admiral Kirk. Keeping up with the latest in sf fact and special effects, this Trekie sequel offers a strange civilian scientist, Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch), who's involved with changing matter on Space Laboratory Regula One. The optical and miniature photography of the 23rd century comes from none other than Industrial Light and Magic. Pass around the popcorn and hallucinogens, please.

At a time when there's a massive baby-boom drop in population, it's eternally 1961 and everyone's going back to school at *Grease 2*'s Rydell High. In several role reversals, Michelle (the bod) Pfeiffer—this year's Olivia Newton-John/Deborah Harry clone—goes black leather sexpot as the head of the outlaw Pink Ladies, who are only allowed to date the greasy T-Birds. One tough chick, Michelle's also a grease monkey at her dad's garage. In an about face, Maxwell Caulfield essays the John Travolta heartthrob lead as a preppy British exchange student. Pfeiffer's got a fierce case of advanced teenage lust for Caulfield, both as a dumb lock and his secret identity as the masked macho Lone Biker.

Eve Arden, the beleaguered principal, and Sid Caesar, Coach Calhoun, return for more student abuse. Mixing the ridiculous with the sublime, weirdo Tab Hunter drops into Rydell High as a substitute sexed teacher with a perpetual hard-on for nubile young things. Somehow he pairs off with music and art teacher Connie (*Where the Boys Are*) Stevens as wild dance production numbers erupt in hygiene class and bowling alleys and at a luau party on the football field. For *Grease 3*, there's only one route left for the going to go—hardcore sem porn. That's when Travolta and Newton-John return and really get physical.

—Daphne Davis

BETTER BODIES THROUGH BIOLOGY

Physicians have been toying with electricity as a way to treat human illness since the first century A.D., when Scribonium Largus recommended application of live eels for the relief of headache and impotence. In 1970, three inventors—Norman Hagfors, Stanley McDonald, and Clayton Jensen—updated Scribonium's theories when they developed the Transcutaneous Nerve Stimulator (TNS), a small black box resembling a Sony Walkman (with electrode wires replacing earphones). Placing the electrodes near aching joints and muscles, over acupuncture points, and even behind a subject's ears have led to impressive results. With patients reporting only a mild, tingling sensation, the TNS has proven remarkably effective in treating chronic pain, arthritis, migraine, multiple sclerosis, and drug addiction (Keith Richards and Eric Clapton both attribute painless smack cures to a black box). But mere pain relief is only the beginning. Researchers at Johns Hopkins report that by making small adjustments in pulse and frequency, they can use the black box to produce visual and auditory hallucinations in subjects. Can Aldous Huxley's Feelies be far behind?

Horror-film visions of mad scientists surgically transferring one person's brain into another's skull may be just fantasy, but three scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health are experimenting with something equally amazing. In May 1979, Richard Wyatt, Mark Perlow, and William Freed announced "the first demonstration of the grafting of mammalian brain tissue from one animal to another." The brain transplants were performed on nine rats, whose substantia nigra (SN)—an area of the brain linked to nervous system activity—had been chemically destroyed and replaced with SN cells from rat fetuses. After nine months, the transplanted brain tissues were not only doing fine, but had also extended dendrites down into their "new brains." Head researcher Wyatt speculates that "because of its potential clinical applications, this opens up a new area of investigation" to Parkinson's disease, stroke, senility, and other cerebral nervous system disorders. "The mechanisms of grafting in the human would actually be easier," Wyatt claims. Only one problem: scientists need the brains of human fetuses, and they may not prove easy to obtain.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

The search for a genuine aphrodisiac (to return vigor to the flagging profligate or to turn men and women of ordinary carnal appetites into sex machines) marches on with mixed results. A few years back, wilting hopes rose over something called p-Chlorophenylalanine (PCPA), which was reputed to drive male cats crazy. Trouble was it made them crazy for cats of the same sex—seeming only to promote homosexual "mountings." Further, PCPA just made them crazy. "The animals were observed to hiss and strike out at unseen objects," reported one researcher, "and even to interrupt ongoing sexual activity to attend to nonexistent stimuli." Instead of trying to concoct a new love drug, scientists have recently focused on a very old one—yohimbine. Derived from the African yohimbé tree, the drug's reputation as an aphrodisiac dates from time out of mind. Researchers at Canada's Queens University report that laboratory-synthesized yohimbine relieved impotence in ten out of twenty-three test subjects and significantly improved the symptoms of six others. Yohimbine futures might well be a better investment than soybeans or pork bellies.

—Jeff Goldberg

BODYBUILDING BIBLES

The obsession with tits and ass will never die, but it is being eclipsed worldwide by an intense fascination with pecs—pecs and biceps. For 1980s narcissists of both sexes, a sculptured body has become the ultimate status symbol, and bodybuilding bibles abound. Three tomes, all written in the hip-bone's-connected-to-the-thigh-bone style, and in rah-rah, ego-boosting tones, insist their program of weight lifting, exercise, and diet is the only possible one. It's enough to make you pulse on your running shoes.

"Once you realize that life is an athletic event, it follows that you can train for it," insists Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Arnold's Bodybuilding for Men* (Simon & Schuster). Suddenly I felt my entire life had been shot down the tubes because I'd failed to see it as a big soccer game. I promptly did twenty push-ups, then passed out.

In *Lisa Lyon's Body Magic* (Bantam) we learn that "it's okay for women to sweat and that no exercise should be torture." The key term here is "body awareness." We're not just talking about lifting weights, we're talking about exploring our inner, outer, and under consciousness through understanding our bodies. Lyon, the first World Women's Bodybuilding Champion, claims she doesn't want to gain power over people—just confidence, strength, and stature. She informs female readers, "You will look better and more feminine and not like a boy in drag." But what about us boys? The object of increased body awareness is what Lyon calls "total body erection." This may give you a clue to what the real goal of working out for bigger and better muscle development is all about.

"I don't think anyone can look at me and say I look like a man," says Lisa. True, but I wouldn't say Arnold Schwarzenegger looks like a man either. He looks like a mutant brontosaurus (an Austrian one, of course).

Super Bodies in 12 Weeks (Simon & Schuster) by Frank and Christine Zane comes with paragraphs like: "Arguing at mealtime or playing loud music with a fast-beating rhythm can cause stomach and digestion problems. If you suffer an emotional upset right before a meal, it's probably better to skip the meal until a time when you are in a better state of mind and body and can relax before eating." With each step toward body awareness the Zanes tell us to write down our feelings ("don't intellectualize") and also to take ego-fortifying, before-and-after photos. "When you try," they tell us, "you'll see that it's impossible to feel bad when thinking cheerful and 'up' thoughts." Even with detailed programs and lots of photos, it's hard to fill these books.

What these bodybuilding author-authorities never admit is that insecurity is the motivating force behind both tea and pab. Anyone can try to improve his or her physique. That is, anyone who is fulfilling the new American Dream of clean living, good nutrition, solid body, and empty mind.

—Michael Mueto

Author and body-builder Lisa Lyon on . . .

SOUND MIND/ SOUND BODY

Mind and Body: There are people who create a distinction between the mind and the body—a kind of academic snobbery that says if you give too much attention to the body you then sacrifice any kind of intellectual activity. The ability to change and to evolve the body is totally contingent upon the ability to animate it with the mind. As long as you're functioning with your body, to even begin to think that you can let it deteriorate or not to take care of it is foolish. You are a body: your mind and brain are part of your body. There's research indicating that most things people die of, with the exception of accidents, are life-style created. Cancer, heart disease, and arteriosclerosis are sometimes choices you make in terms of diet, tension, and body maintenance. I think a lot of blueprints for universal realities are contained within the body and that learning through them is one way to learn about coping with external realities. Factors of discipline, strength, and control have tremendous effect on our ability to function in the external world.

Drugs: I've read studies that indicate certain hormone drugs can in fact make your body a more efficient mechanism. The problem is that the people taking these drugs are not scientifically experimenting with an overall view; they're just talking about getting good muscles. Drugs are current-day tools that can advance mankind on enormous quantum leap—as hand tools did thousands of years ago.

The Sexes: I think 90 percent of what we consider miraculous is just exercising a capacity in an area where it hasn't been exercised before. For example, I was told that as a woman I could not develop my muscles. There are certain hormonal limitations I've already transcended that people said were impossible—just because no one ever tried. It amazes me when people say, "Well, you're going to become so unfeminine," and they don't even look. They're so locked into their idea systems I find myself, in some ways, extremely "traditional" in external appearances. I am married. I live with one man and I believe in mating. I find all of that important and crucial. Yet people are defensive, and rightly so, because of a lot of social complications and oppression that exist all over the world. It's like mothering. You (the woman) still bear the child. I mean, I don't care how you divide the labor after it's born, there are instincts and certain physical realities, certain demands of masculinity and femininity that are innate and that are unfortunately associated with all the socially oppressed falsehoods.

Fantasy: The word fantasy, fantastic, bigger than. I've been inspired by that whole idea, you know Red Sonja. Or the possibility Superman. As far as it doesn't necessarily reflect the reality of life off the planet. Some of it is imperialistic and reflects our negative qualities—like wars in space. The majority of stuff that I was exposed to as a child was never joyous . . . more horror movies than the fantastic, the charming, and what appeals to the highest and most advanced possibilities. I rebelled against the negative stuff. But I love fantasy.

The Future: It's going downhill from here. I don't care. I don't think that's bad. I know I'll survive.

—Brad Balfour

Illustration by Lisa Hanawalt

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THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
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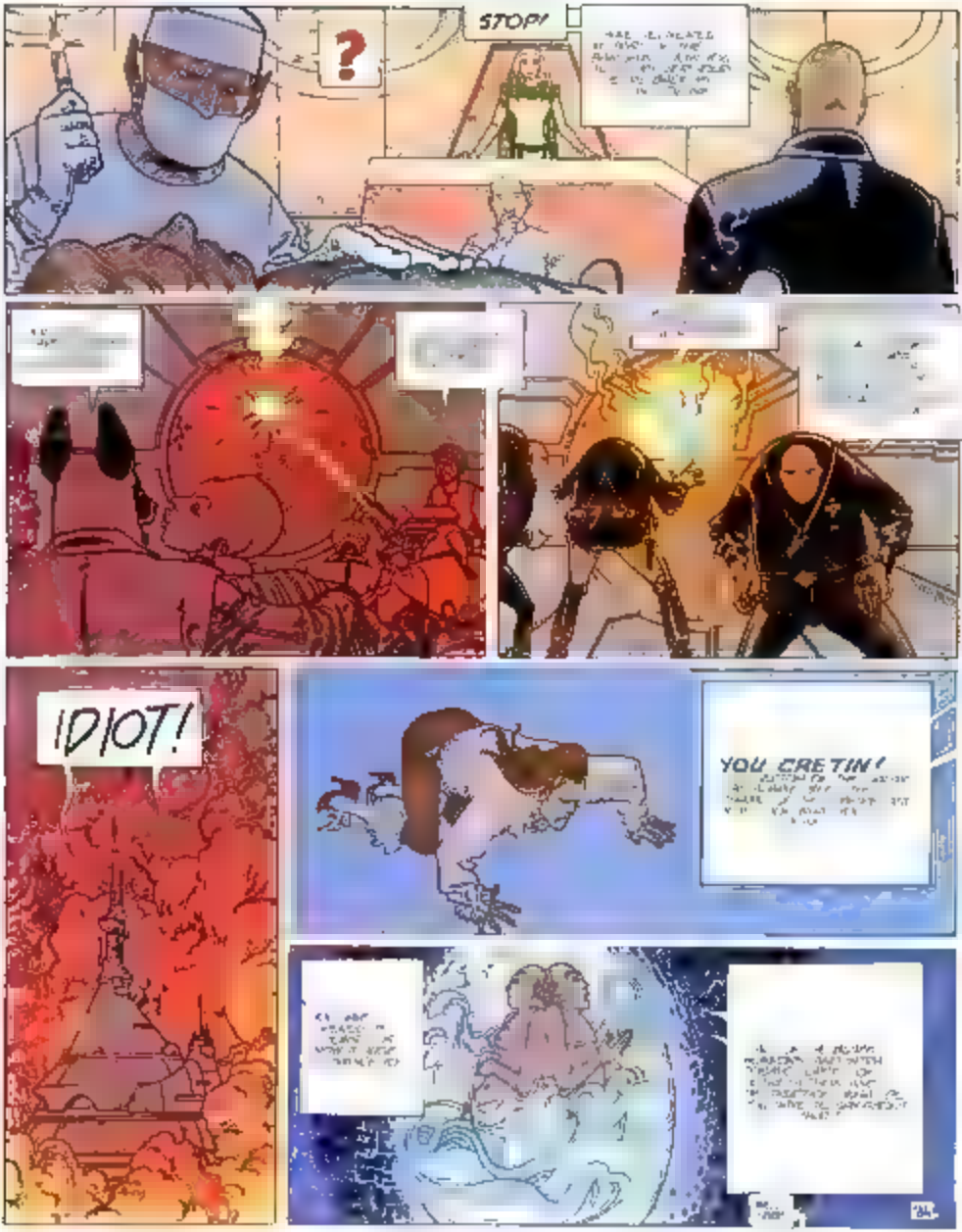
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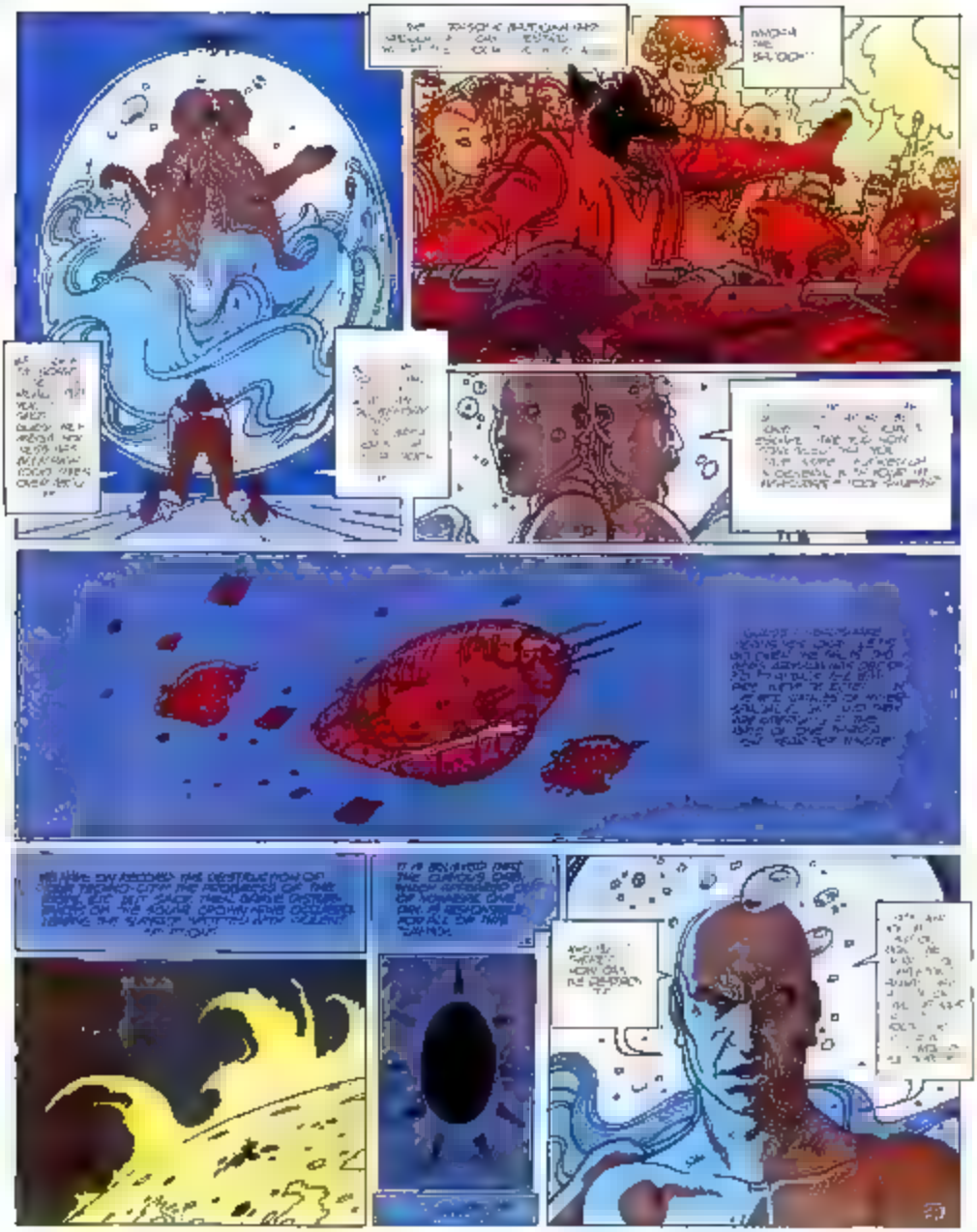
YOU CRETIN!



SOLUNE
KILL META-BARON!
KILL SOLUNE!
OPEN THE CADAVER!

STOP!
STOP!
THE ANIMAL FARM... THEY'VE TO ANNIHILATE THE BORGS AND THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK ECHO HAS TO BE END OF A LONG INVESTIGATION. WE ARE NOW DURING IN THE LAST CRUCIAL STRUGGLE OF MAN
LATER OF HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO
CONTINUED

COMING THIS SUMMER.

MEGAFORCE

GOLDEN HARVEST Presents AN ALBERT S. RUDDY PRODUCTION A HAL NEEDHAM FILM

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Director of Photography MICHAEL BUTLER Executive Producer RAYMOND CHOW Based on a story by ROBERT S. KACHLER

Screenplay by JAMES WHITTAKER and ALBERT S. RUDDY & HAL NEEDHAM & ANDRE MORGAN

Produced by ALBERT S. RUDDY Directed by HAL NEEDHAM Executive Producer

HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

SOLD OUT!

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SOLD OUT!

#9/NOVEMBER 1980: With the Shogun spell broken, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in an unusual mode and gets your going to-ally Cheapjack Maddyx Kobra Revenge gag Bag! ($3.00)

#10/DECEMBER 1980: Featuring Corben's Abelard Bloodstar, Druce's Valentine and Gotard and Nilsen's "Walk In Reality Page 7" Plus "The Caller of the Fog," Race Opera and Moebius! ($3.00)

#11/JANUARY 1981: Jumpstart starring Ken Steacy, Don Maitz making his first appearance with Berg, Iron Plus more Corben, Gotard and Bilal, Moebius, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Dreaming on Phantom Dan" ($3.00)

#12/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Certain Dreams, when "The Heavy Gear" an incredible Moebius creation, Bilal, Nimitz in and more Moebius Special science fiction! Pages from Jeff Jones's Faster Than a Lily and an interview with the man himself! ($3.00)

#13/MARCH 1981: Ted Arcand, John Pimpey's Mid Western Inspire "What is Reality, Really?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druce's saga, Children of Heaven's Gates! Illustrated comedy by Arnold Plot, Martin Elliott's ever timely essay on violence in America ($3.00)

#14/APRIL 1981: Art and the Nazis, Corben's "Bloodstar, Gimbrett's Blood-bye, Sundae!, Harry Nimitz "Stories from London, and an interview with John Milius. Don't know we could do it in one year, can ya? ($3.00)

#15/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Eddy Burback and Bilal's "The Invincible Killer" Plus Sugiura's "The Tall Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on homosexuality ($3.00)

#16/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in more Jim Starlin's adaptation of Gabriel Jones's, and Moebius's "Garage" winds up Plus Cass Chaykin, Crepax and an over John Waxman! ($3.00)

#17/JULY 1981: Stephen King reading with "The Boy in Comparison," Jim Starlin's adaptation of Gabriel continues, while Chris Claremont's fantastic prose get artistic it all up ($3.00)

#18/AUGUST 1981: Starred on the cramped Heavy the Boy part of the Corben interview plus a unique page portfolio section on the making of the many Heavy Metal. ($3.00)

#19/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "In Age," Juan Giralaez's "Interplanetary Intercourse," and "The Lucas's interview with the mastery of terror. ($3.00)

#20/OCTOBER 1981: Shakespeare for Americans. The first episode of Sagendorf's "Wolverton" a gaudy section devoted to Princess Druidic, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal, Bilal, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#21/NOVEMBER 1981: Jumpstart's Egg of the Week, Jeff Jones's Babyseed, and Bilal on making the art of the and Charlie Chan Hamilton! ($3.00)

#22/DECEMBER 1981: Strange encounters with Children Heavy Jeffrey Jones Sagendorf and Corben. Plus the odd ending in "The Immortal Fate" ($3.00)

#23/JANUARY 1982: Our Happy Future issue includes Arnie, Untitled, Void, Hi and Greg, and The Adventures Mail, by Denis Drummer and Barbier. All surrounded by Chaykin and Sorenson Sagendorf Starstrike, et al. ($3.00)

#24/FEBRUARY 1982: Begins with the Lower adaptation of John Elliott's "The Incal Light." Moen and Chaykin's Galaxy Feast goes gang-ugan. Plus Ferngren, Jones, Sim-Bilal, et al ($3.00)

#25/MARCH 1982: Our science fiction Pop issue, featuring Stan Mayerik's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon! Lord Garcia's "Nova 6" Rogers Starlin Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars "Marketplace," Dark "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy! ($3.00)

#26/APRIL 1982: Our 5th anniversary issue gives you a variety of regional artist with Corben, Druce, Moebius Bilal and Starlin on a 'G' Bell and you'll be kept busy until our 6th! ($3.00)

#27/MAY 1982: In this issue, we give you the first part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and tell you back at "The Art of De Es Schwartzberg." Plus, Simon and Vertie, by Ted White and Val Lakey ($3.00.

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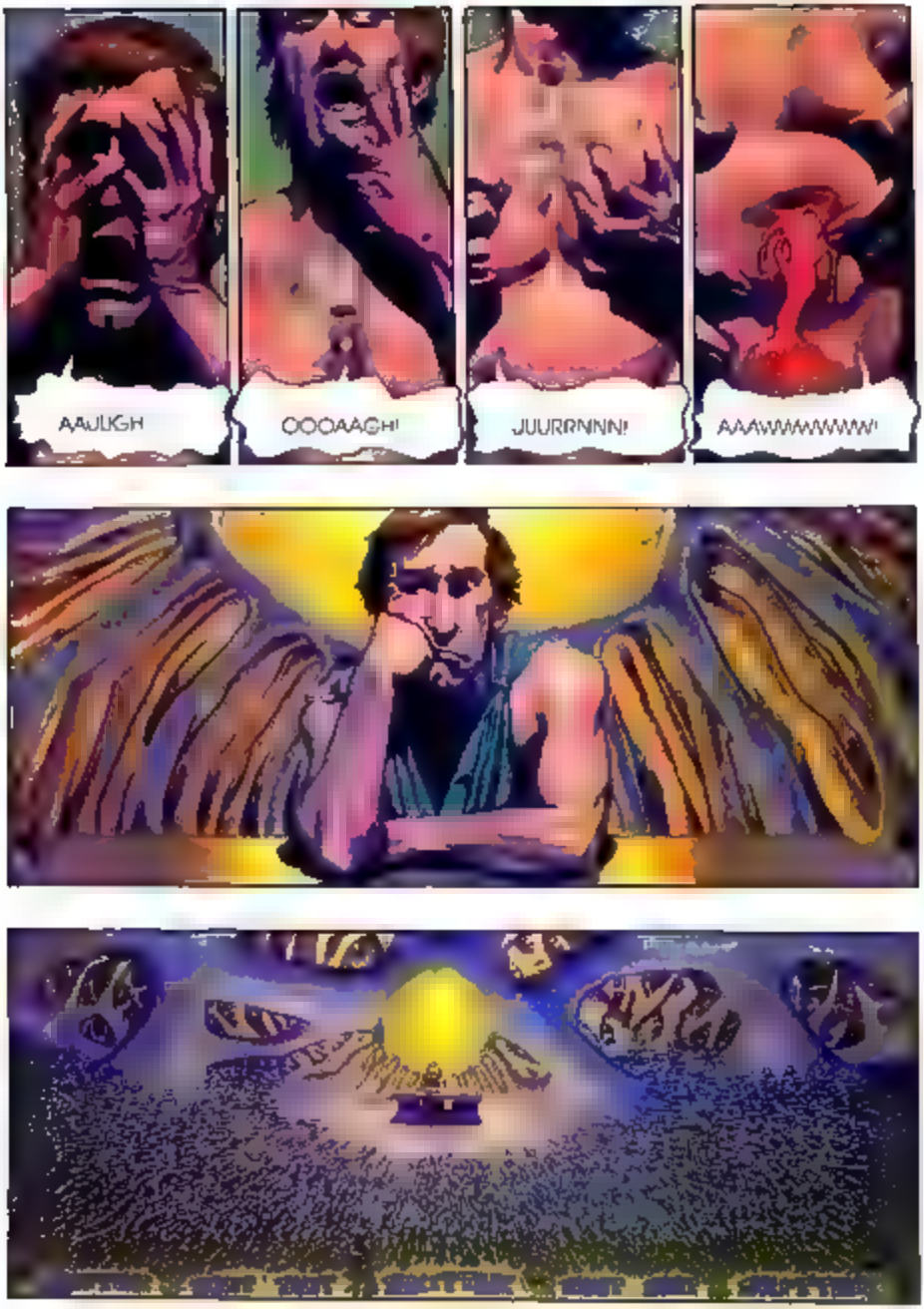
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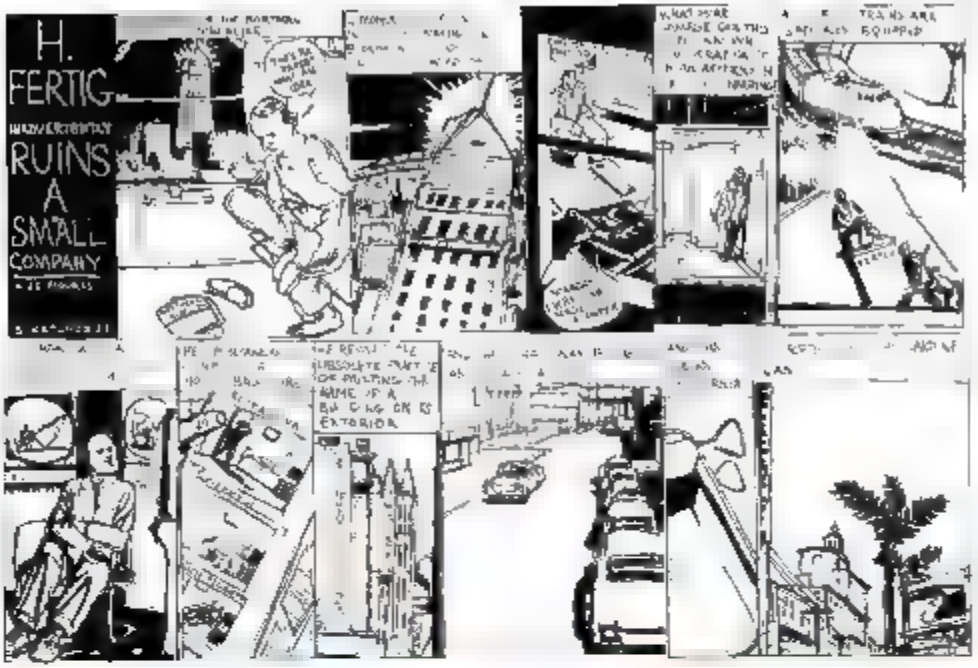

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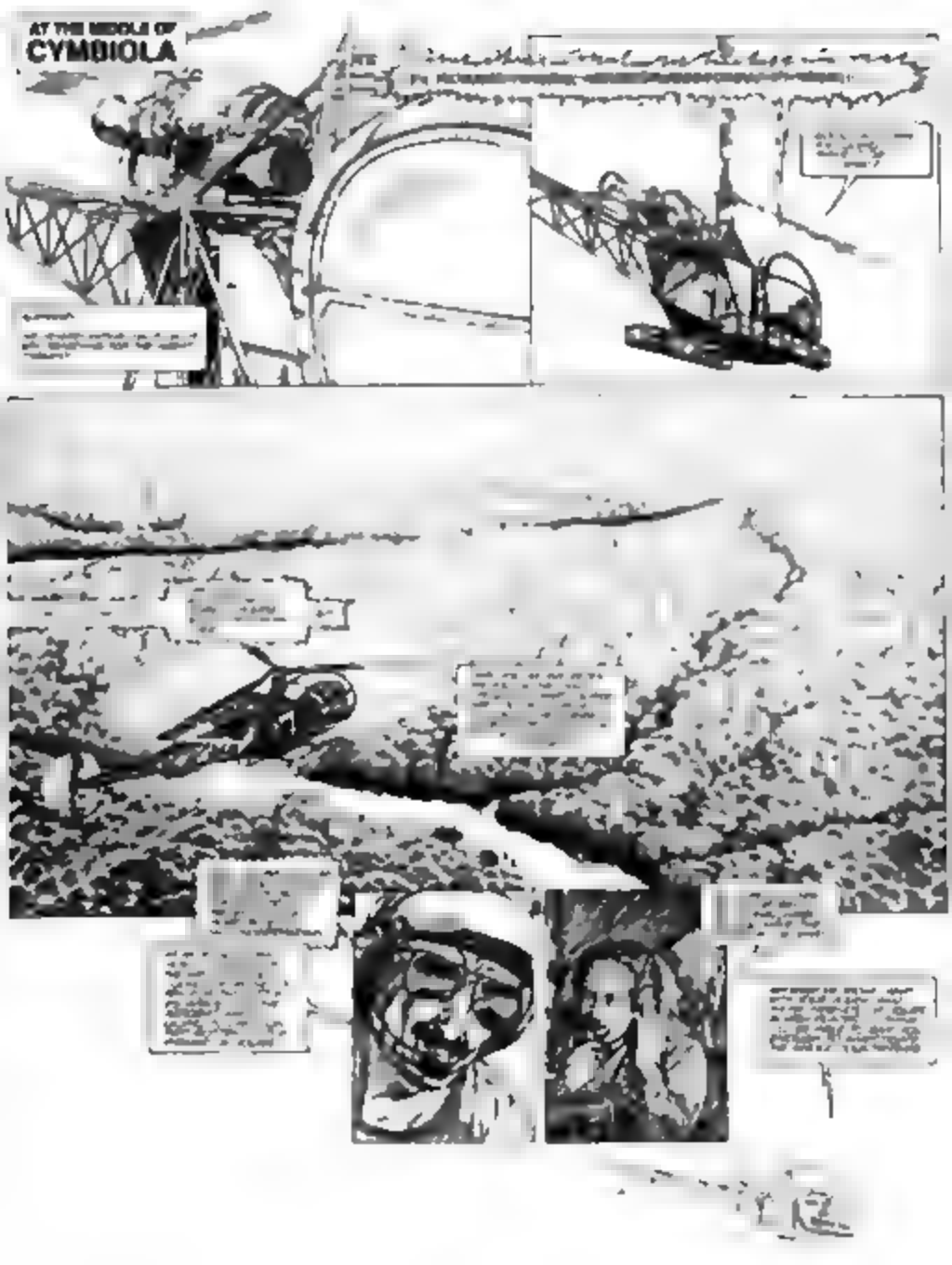
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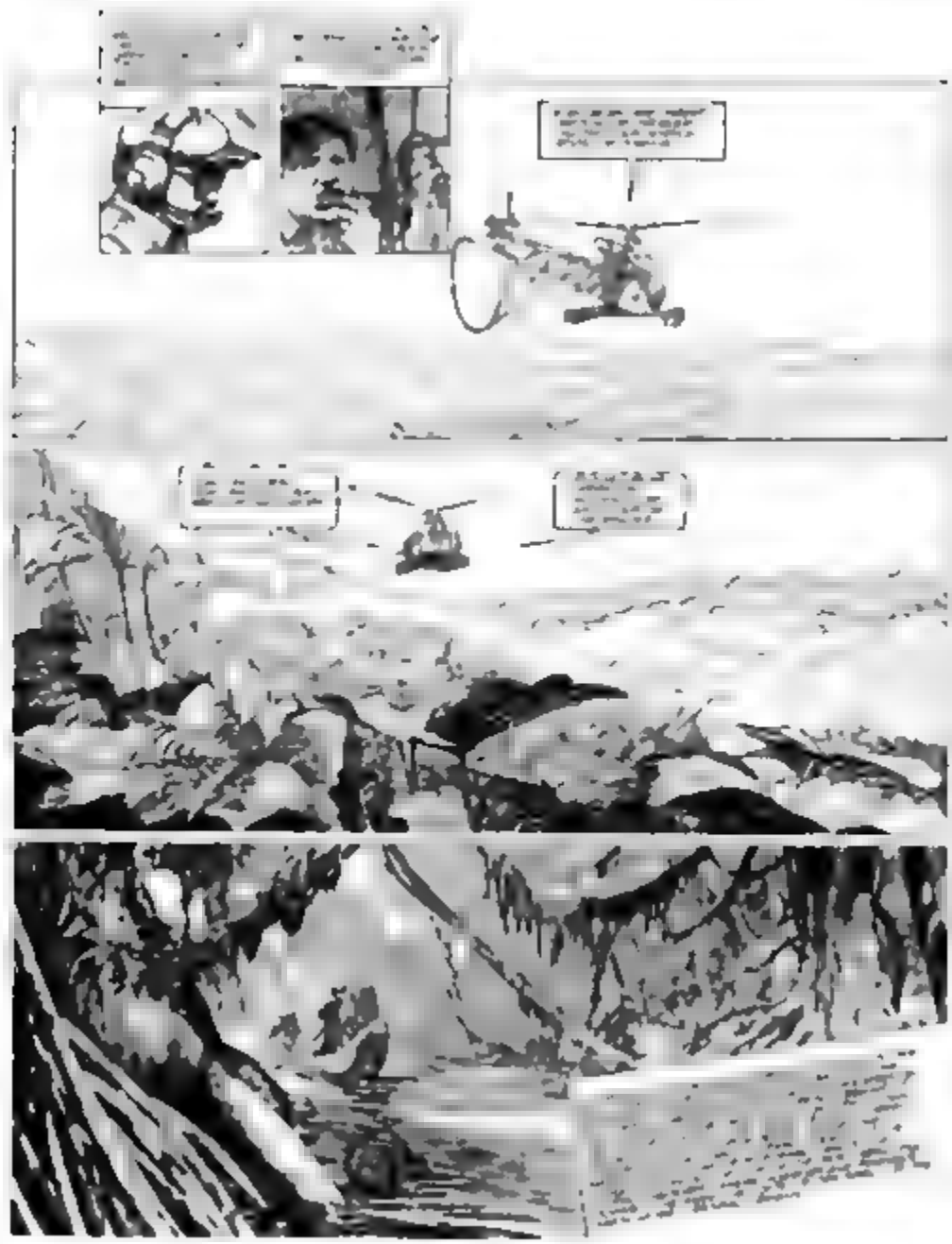

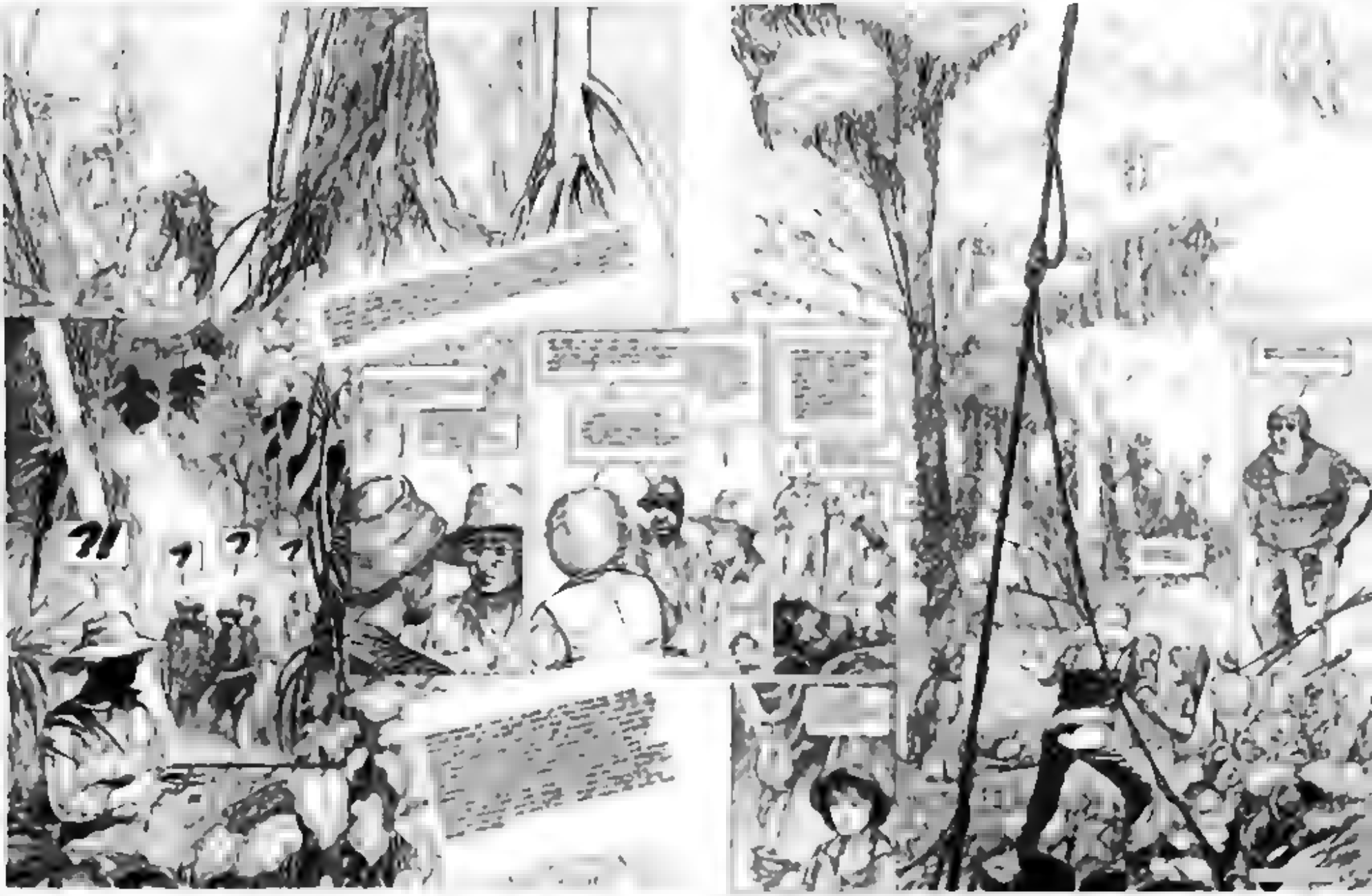

I'M AGE

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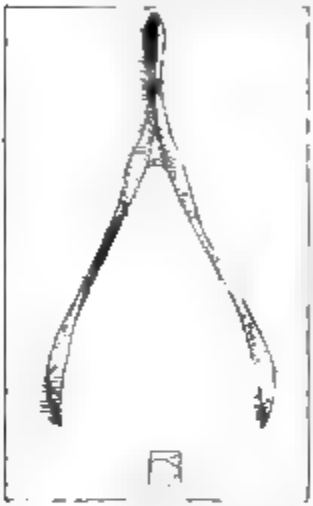
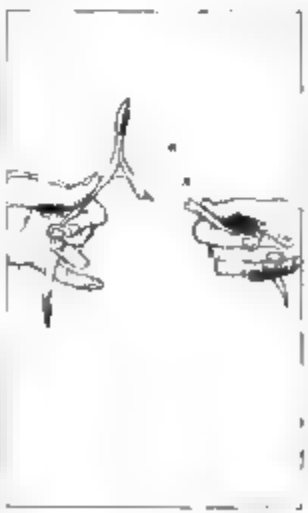
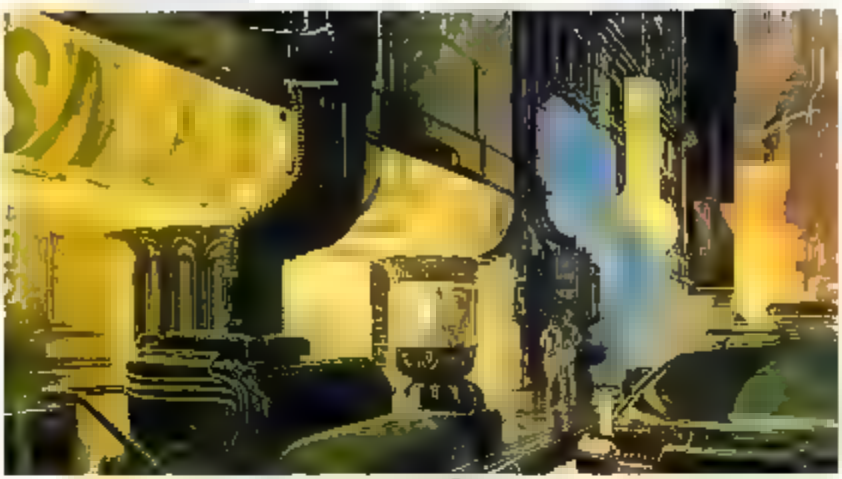


ONE OF THE EARLIEST LESSONS LEARNED AND TAUGHT HAS THAT IF YOU PULL AWAY FORCEFULLY FROM SOMETHING IN LIFE, YOU EITHER, TAKE PARTS WITH YOU OR YOU LEAVE PARTS BEHIND THAN IF YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE RELEASED.



Futuropolis



Production paintings by Syd Mead of two city streets from *Blade Runner*

BLADE RUNNER

THIS IS THE CITY

Although Mead was originally asked to design just vehicles for the film the subsequent work included not only the vehicles, but the street environment as well. After Ridley Scott saw the initial paintings he had Syd elaborate on the designs of the entire cityscape and urban lifestyle.

Harrison Ford as Deckard - a hard-boiled detective of the year 2019 whose specialty is tracking down renegade replicants (genetically engineered people) who have infiltrated the city

THERE ARE 106,000,000 STORIES IN THIS NAKED CITY— AND BLADE RUNNER IS ONE OF THEM.

If you're still in the dark *Blade Runner* is this coming summer's main contender. Based on the Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* directed by Ridley Scott (*Alien*) with production art by Syd Mead (*Star Trek*) special effects by Douglas Trumbull (*2001*) and starring Harrison Ford.

Ford plays Rick Deckard, an ex-police detective who lives in the Rep-Detect division (street number Blade Runner. Before he quit Deckard was the top Blade Runner in the city charged with the highly sensitive task of tracking down and eliminating escaped replicants (manufactured people you can't distinguish from the real thing. These genetically engineered 'humans' were developed for combat and space colonization (man-made labor they like to call them) but occasionally some manage to get back down to Earth. The problem is they got no feelings or conscience no guilt. They'll do anything to stay free and that is why the Blade Runners were formed. They're the only cops trained to tell the difference between reps and real people.

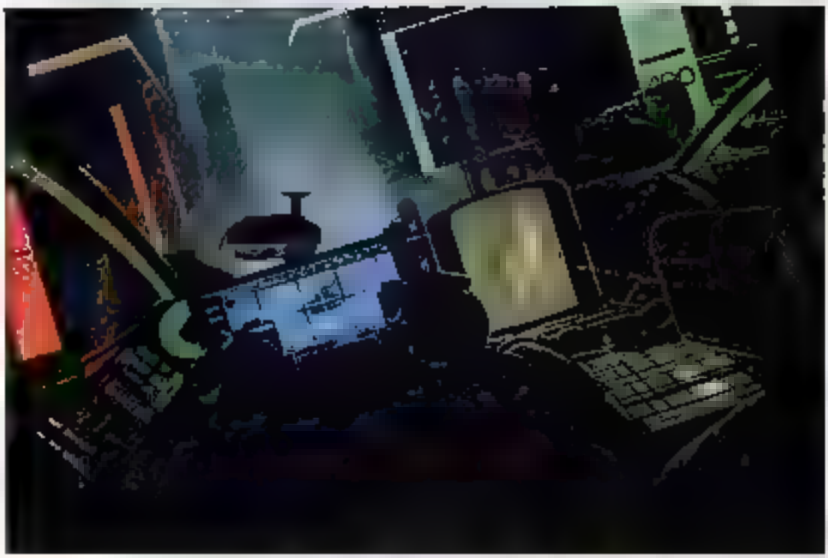
Harrison Ford and director Ridley Scott

Photographs by Steve Vaughn

Deckard and police Lt. Gaff (Edward Olmos). (Joe Guh and Warner) in the Spunner cockpit.

Blade Runner is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one it today's cities gone mad. All the street signs are in several languages. The parking meters give a lethal jolt if tampered with, the phone booths have eyes and so do the traffic intersections. Most animals are extinct, but you can buy artificial pets down at Amazing Row if you got the bucks and the only fresh meat is fish. One age a junk-food sushi. The sky is yellow with poisonous pollution and the acid rainfall is constant. The cars and buildings are fitted with whatever it takes to keep them in working order, but decent jobs don't live below forty stories, most fashionable apartment buildings climb up to 400 floors. And if you're a cop or some high-society politico, you get to drive a Spinner — a state-of-the-art flying car capable of vertical lift-off, hovering, normal street driving and soaring through the canyons of the city and up out to the industrial wastelands surrounding it.



Production painting by Syd Mead of interior cockpit of Spinner in flight showing another spinner and various vid-screen read-outs.

The sort of future romanticism, Syd Mead admits, "that satisfies a desperate longing for certain things. Like when you're sitting in a traffic jam on one of the Southern Area Freeways and you wish you could just lift your car off the ground and zip away. Fantasy with fulfillment also gives whoever's driving the car whether it's the hero or villain, an advantage that's tremendously exciting.

But veteran industrial designer Mead notes, *Blade Runner* is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget-filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects. We've created an environment to make a story believable. The machinery and effects appear only when needed and it fights into the plot.

Ridley Scott insisted on a "familiar atmospheric" a Sam Spade-type environment. While the story takes place some forty years hence, it's being made in a style reminiscent of forty years ago.

The architectural look of the city is based on the principle that eventually it will become too cumbersome and expensive to tear down old buildings and erect new ones. Mead explains. "The overall visual idea was a society where the normal supplies had broken down. Life has be-

Full-scale Spinner lifting off from the midst of a virtual "Times Square of the future" where a climactic chase scene takes place.

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one of today's cities gone mad.

Top: Deckard tries to locate a suspect from atop Syd Mead's taxi of the future.

Bottom: Deckard in a rooftop chase several hundred stories above the street.

come very difficult -mechanical fixtures auto-matic doors, buildings -the whole urban plant had become like a trap. Starting with cleanly designed concepts we layered on details, fixtures, repairs, and extra equipment to achieve this accumulated fix -because it would -just and-it has-a-crap casual flavor.

Rules were elaborated. Think of New York or Chicago right now: how impossible it is to actually maintain many of the buildings. Think how expensive it would be to tear down the Empire State Building. Eventually they'll just have to retro-fit things on the old buildings instead of being able to rebuild or renovate.

And the street level will become like the sewers or underside of the city. Syd Mead commented. Being trapped on the street will be a thoroughly nasty way to spend your life. The streets will be nothing more than a service access to the city's mega-structures, and those who can't afford to move up will simply be forced to live in this left over society.

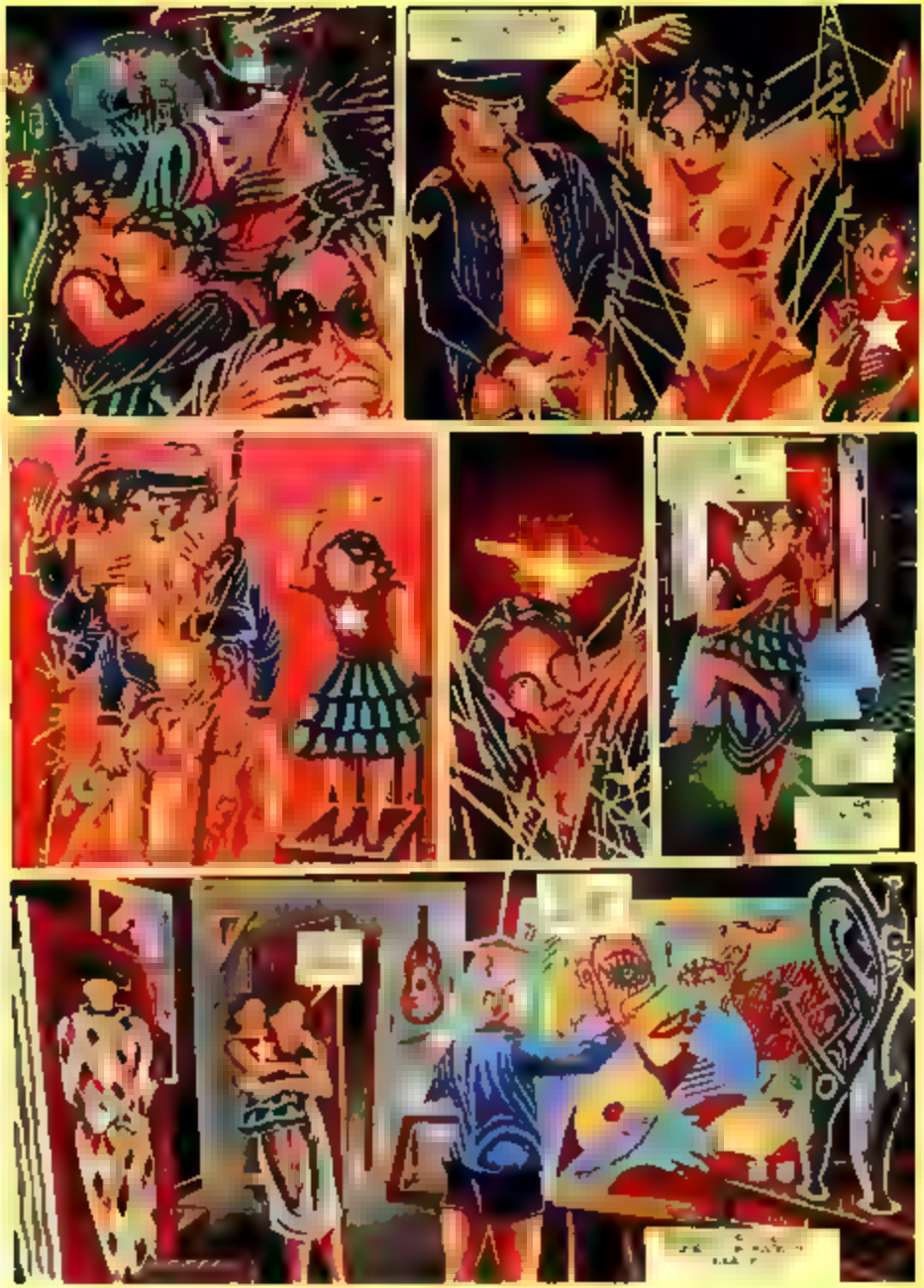
Another streetcar by Sydney Mead. The pillars are a recurring architectural image on the second-story level of boutique display windows.

Photo: Isabella Cassidy, a subject of study and love, plays ukulele on the balcony outside Pete Rose's room at the Hotel Mac. Inhabitants of these

LITTLE STAR IN NEW YORK

BY CEESEPE

RINNG



CÉRIZARD

·A·HISTORY·OF·AMERICA· BY R CRUMB

The Messerschmitt Attack

by Anthony Scibelli

It was a long walk home past Hell Gate Station. A long night followed by the myriad rumblings and oscillating voices of a city waking. Northern lights animated the vaporous river- a ghostly barge blanked its vague outlines in the serpentine mist. The edges of the city melted away under the leaden sky. It was like a false dawn but the invisible rooftops and the uncertain river with its phantom lights and sputtering diesels accentuated the permanence of the city. Spreading wings harnessed the rooftops and river as the voluminous roar of a throttled engine sheers the sky. It was the first Messerschmitt 109, pride of the Condor Legion, diving out of the clouds. A lovely airplane.

My Messerschmitt, my auger of dawn and usher of night, comes to my ears and the pit of my stomach like clockwork. I breathe ever so softly, waiting for the great ribbed wings to land.

June 11

Shit! I've got to do something about this. This can't be for real! I saw one that morning and another appeared at 5:20 PM sharp, as I knew it would. They always descend upon me, and they're always so goddamned loud! They're not just mirages, and they can't be figments of my imagination. Could they be seizures or fits of some kind? I just can't understand it!

Actually, there is something I like about it. Ahhh. Messerschmitts in flight. The sky changes, it shifts about, almost as if it envelops the clouds. I guess it's not that bad after all, but I should check it out. Tell someone about it, but who?

July 11

She and I met this afternoon during one of the attacks. Actually, it was pretty funny. When she saw the plane, and she saw my plane, she began to scream, but couldn't move, not a muscle! Everyone was looking at us. Well really, only one or two people, but they couldn't see the plane, just she and I. Apparently, that wasn't her first attack; there had been at least five others. I had never met anyone else who had experienced one before. She told me that she and her husband had both seen the flying "demons."

They were together once in the park and an American P40 flew over them Apparently, it really freaked her out. He convinced her that the planes could only hurt them if they let 'em

He said we'd keep in touch He told me that they had married soon after they had discovered their mutual problem Now tell me dear diary, do you think this is a good basis for marriage? I figured why not it was a startling coincidence Personally, I think he was a bit jealous that she shared in my Messerschmitt experience but he didn't let on

August 1:

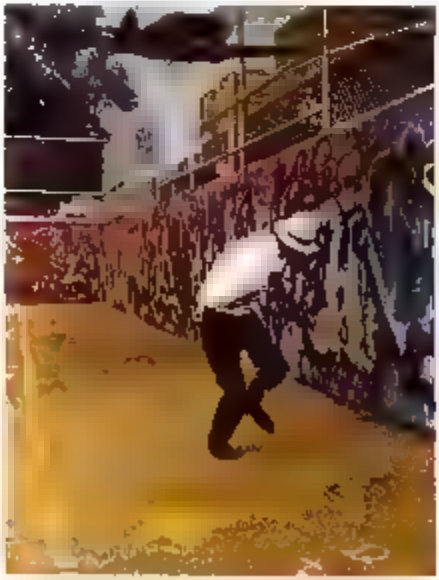
That couple I told you about separated last week Seems the attacks had become more frequent, and she couldn t handle it He advised her to take her life What a prick

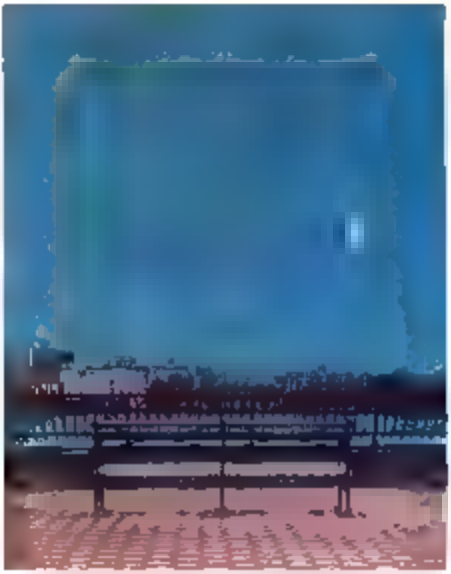
I met a little girl at the beach the other day. We've been spending a lot of time together. She reminds me of my little sister. She too has these "nightmares." She said they aren't very loud--they just putter above her. Funny, they don't dive straight at her either. They seem to be a bit more considerate with her, almost as if they sense that she is terribly young and probably couldn't handle the intensity that I endure. She pinches herself, just as I do, to see if she could possibly be dreaming. She said she hasn't told a soul about this but me. I wonder if those who experience this have a sixth sense of some sort. They know who to confide in, and who not to.

September 11

The strangest thing happened to me this morning. I saw a Messerschmitt that wasn't mine. It was as if it was looking for someone, but not me. When I turned the block, I saw a guy running terribly fast, as if the plane was attached to him by a piece of string. I recognized him from an old neighborhood hangout, but couldn't recall his name. Within moments he was down. It was incredible something I'll never forget. The plane actually killed him. What an awful way to go, but one saving grace was that it obviously was a very quick demise. He didn't even have time to scream.

At this point, I don't know which way to turn. I didn't think these things could kill. Something has got to be done, but who could I tell? And if I told the world, would anyone listen?





The Messerschmitt Syndroma

Observation of subjects proceeds with secondary introduction of control group Apparent behavioral patterns subjects were isolated and targeted at periodic intervals. Target group integrity variable Correlative data qualified Qualifications:

Known: Two individuals believed to have exhibited said symptoms, terminated within 142 hours of one another Subjects white Americans, under thirty, one urban male and one suburban female Traced symptoms of psychotic manifestations include dehydration, disorientation to time and place, dizziness, ending with death Untreated condition leading to gross metastasis Two victims observed shared single idea: a loud air plane can harm them

Unknown: Extent of awareness of general population unknown Evidence of psychotropic substance is possible, but unavailable at this time Evidence of mass hysteria unknown The self pinch reflex and aesthetic arrest have no known precedent in medical history No data on possibility of subjects receipt of treatment for depression and/or drug abuse

Additional information unavailable at this time

Concorde

BRAOOOMM!
BRMM

CONCORDE
!
OOOOM

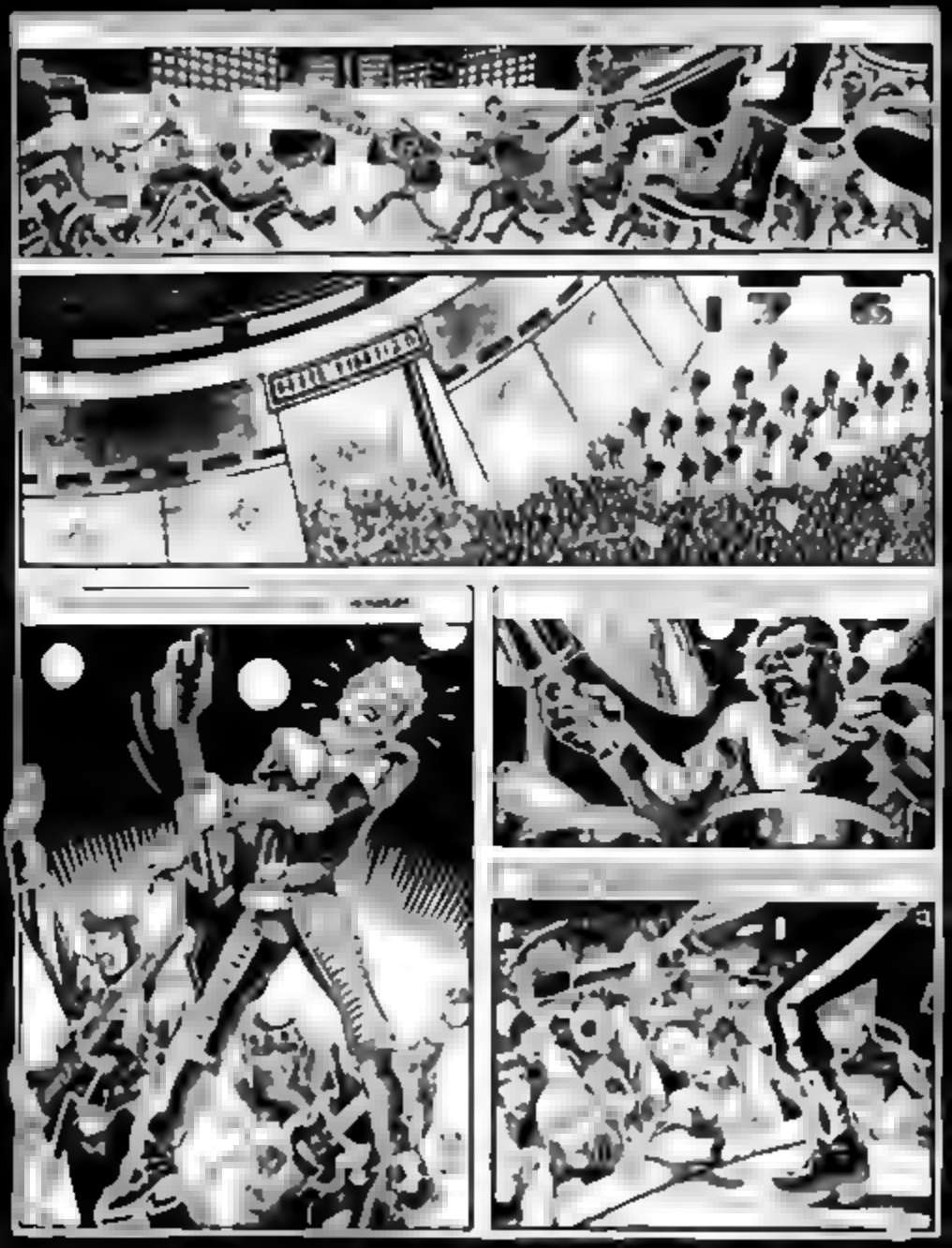
BRAOOM!
CAZA 76

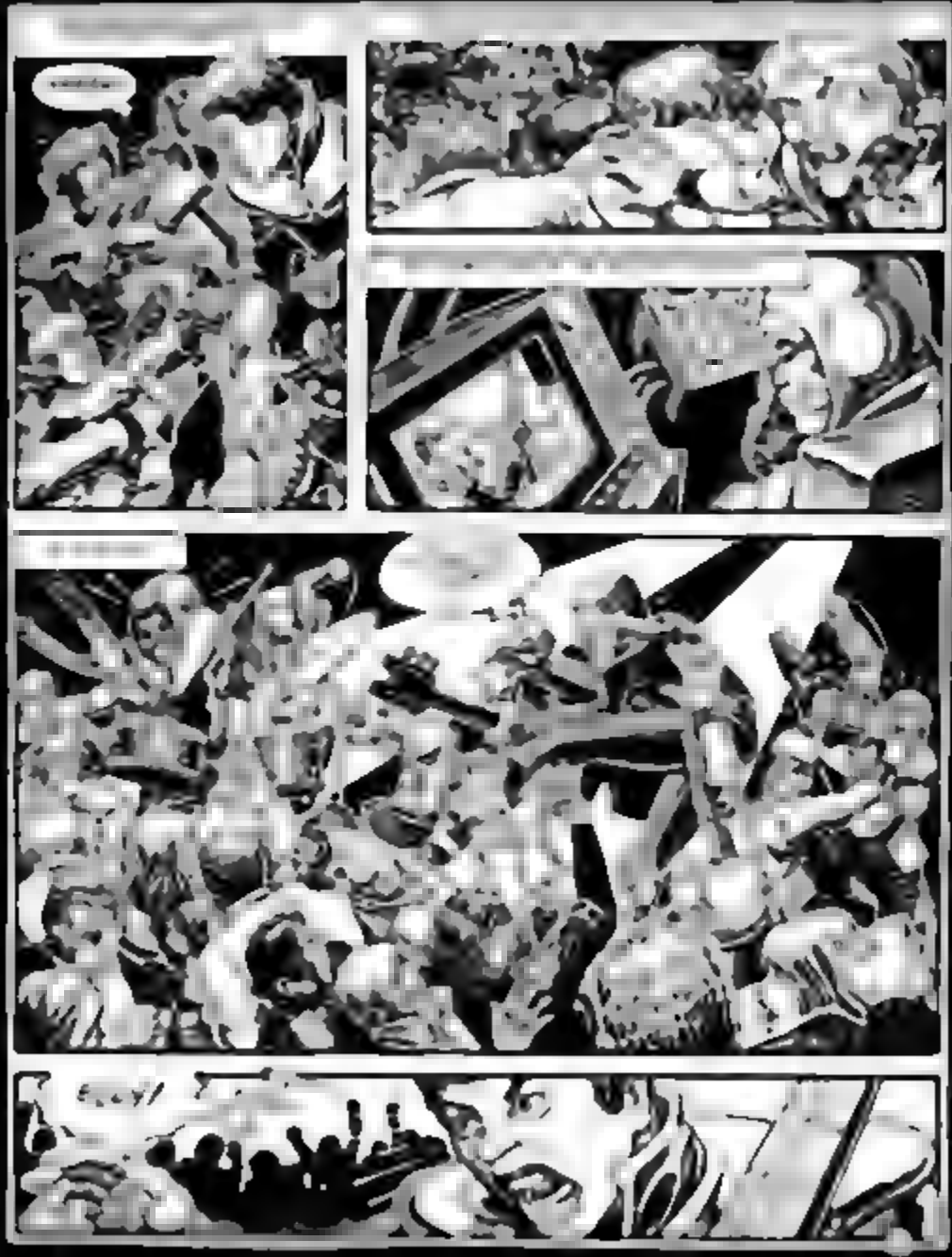
THE GLADIATORS

by: VOSS

STOP

NO MORE
FREEDOM
112B
112B

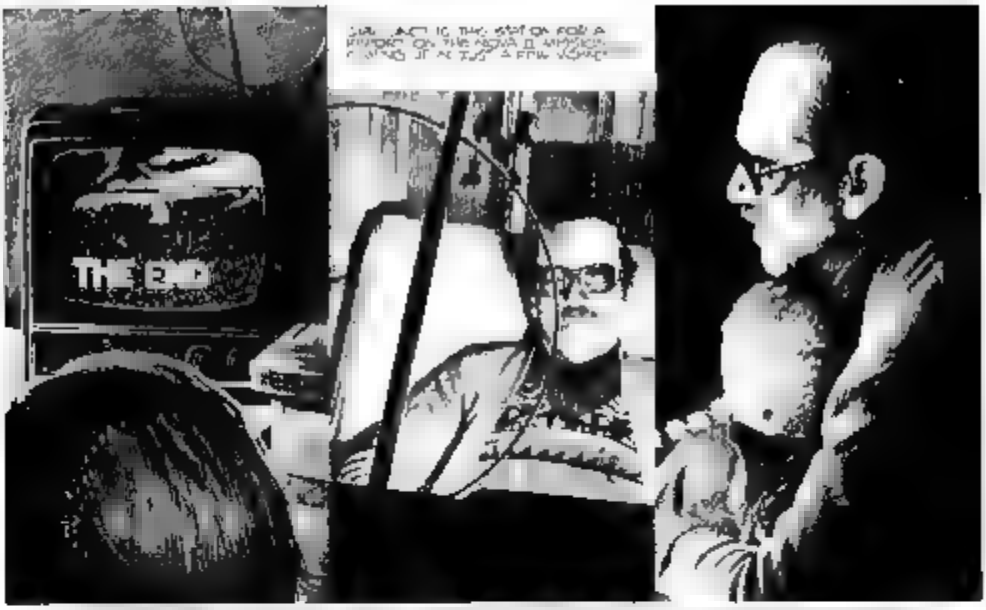




"I CAN'T ALLOW THEM TO THINK I WOULD COMMIT MURDER."

"BUT I CAN'T NOW, AS I SHOULD HAVE YEARS AGO. HE WAS ALWAYS BAD AND IN THE END HE INTENDED TO KILL THEM. I KILLED THOSE GIRLS AND THAT MAN

"AS IF I COULD DO ANYTHING ELSE. I GO TO L.A. AND STAGE LIKE ONE OF HIS STUFFED BIRDS. THEY KNOW I CAN'T MOVE A FINGER, AND I WANT TO SIT CLOSE HERE AND BE CLOSE. JUST IN CASE THEY SUSPECT ME."

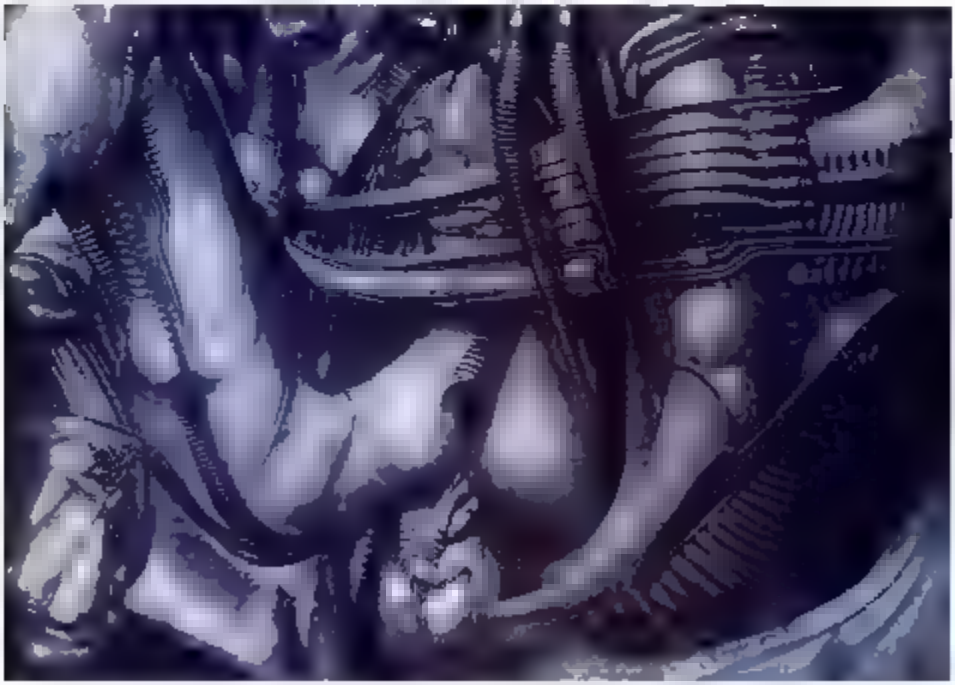

THE END

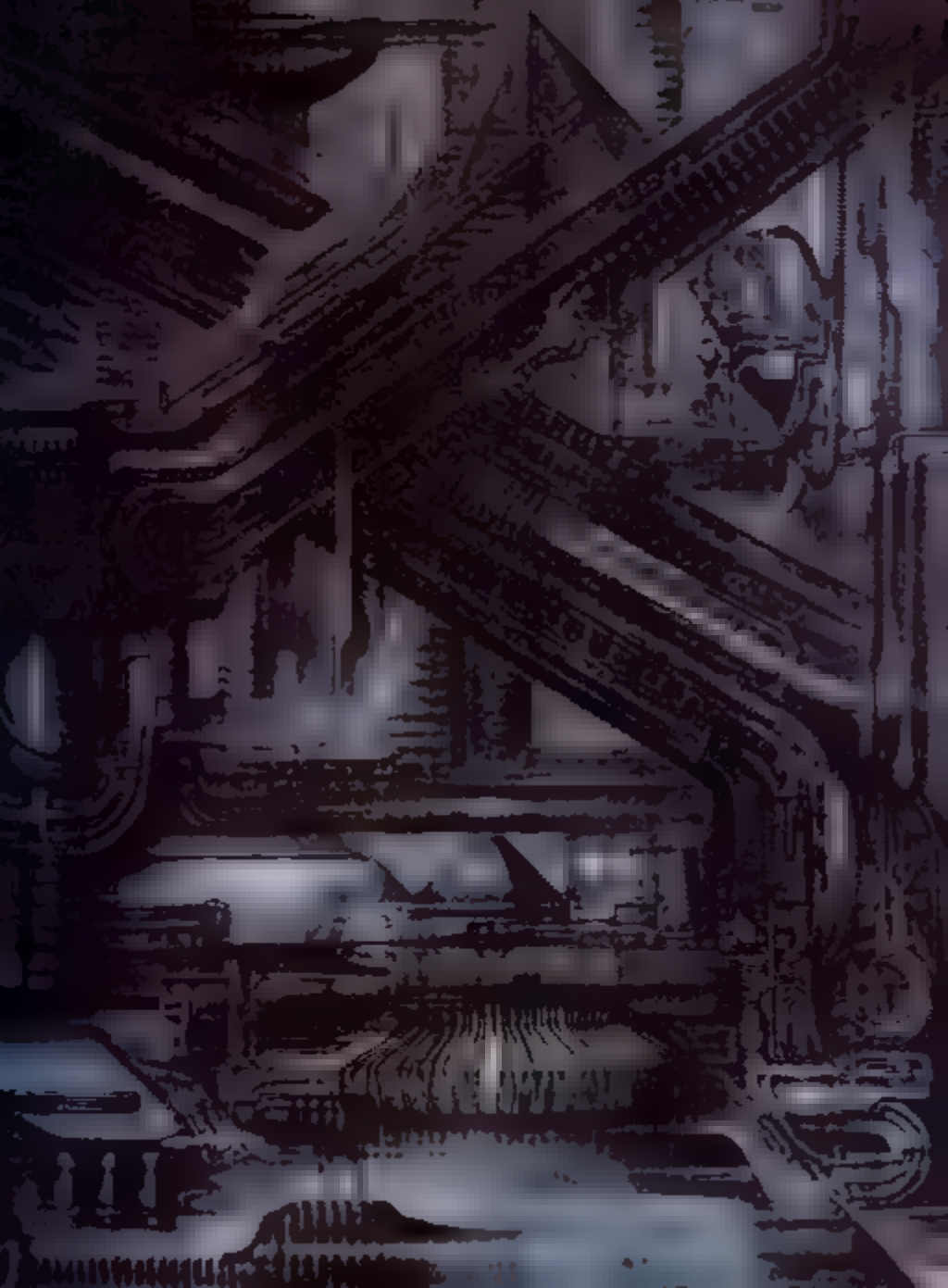
GALLERY:

H. R. GIGER'S NEW YORK CITY

I never did like traveling — and never again in a brand new pair of shoes. Personally, I'd rather just drift off to sleep, wake up and be there already

The idea for the pictures in the N.Y. City series grew out of my five visits to New York — and an important sketch contributed by Cornelius de Bree, who I've been working with ever since 1980 in an animation project. The sketch was actually a piece of scrap from which electrical components had been punched out — some things, Cornelius and I picked up as he was scavenging around in the trash bins behind the [illegible] department store [illegible]





ve been painting by airbrush since 1973. I use it to put watercolours and acrylic paints directly onto the paper without any preliminary sketching. With the small airbrush and a nozzle opening of just 0.2 mm, you can draw very fine lines indeed. To get really sharp definitions, though, it takes a stencil or template of some kind – a rubber ruler, say, or a cardboard cut-out with the right design. Splatterwork is a good way to add more surface and detail (so much of a spray painting look. You can also try additional stencils with different structures.

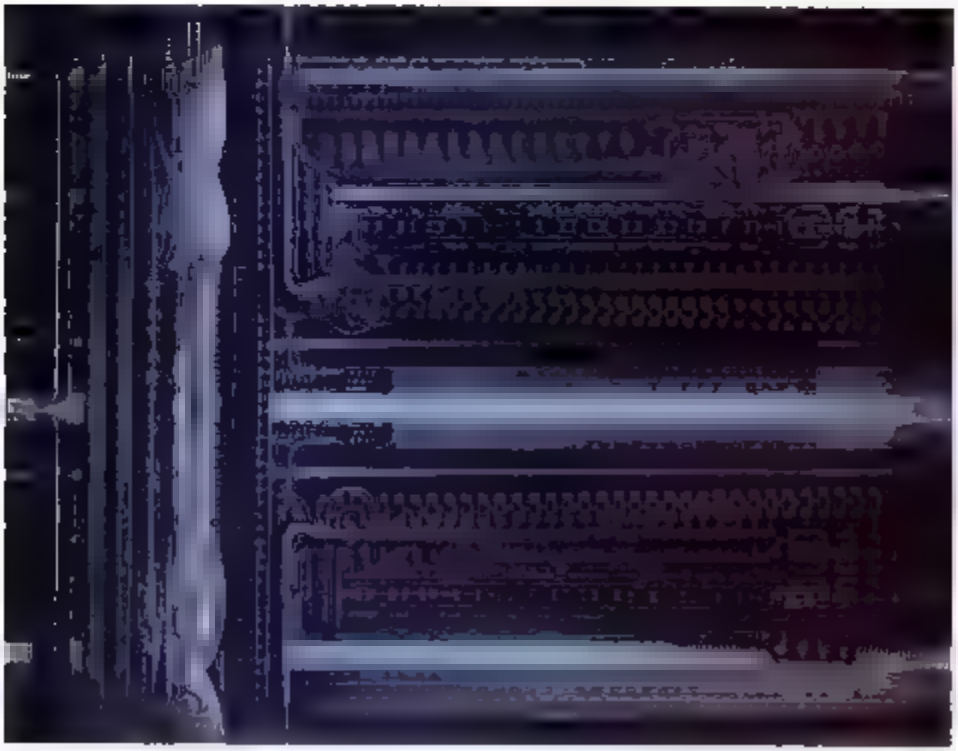
Various materials can be used to create these richer, more interesting textures: paper like a cake-box doily, lace, trimmings, tablecloths, antimacassars, curtains, etc., or strips of metalpress scrap and waste stampings from an electrical parts production line.

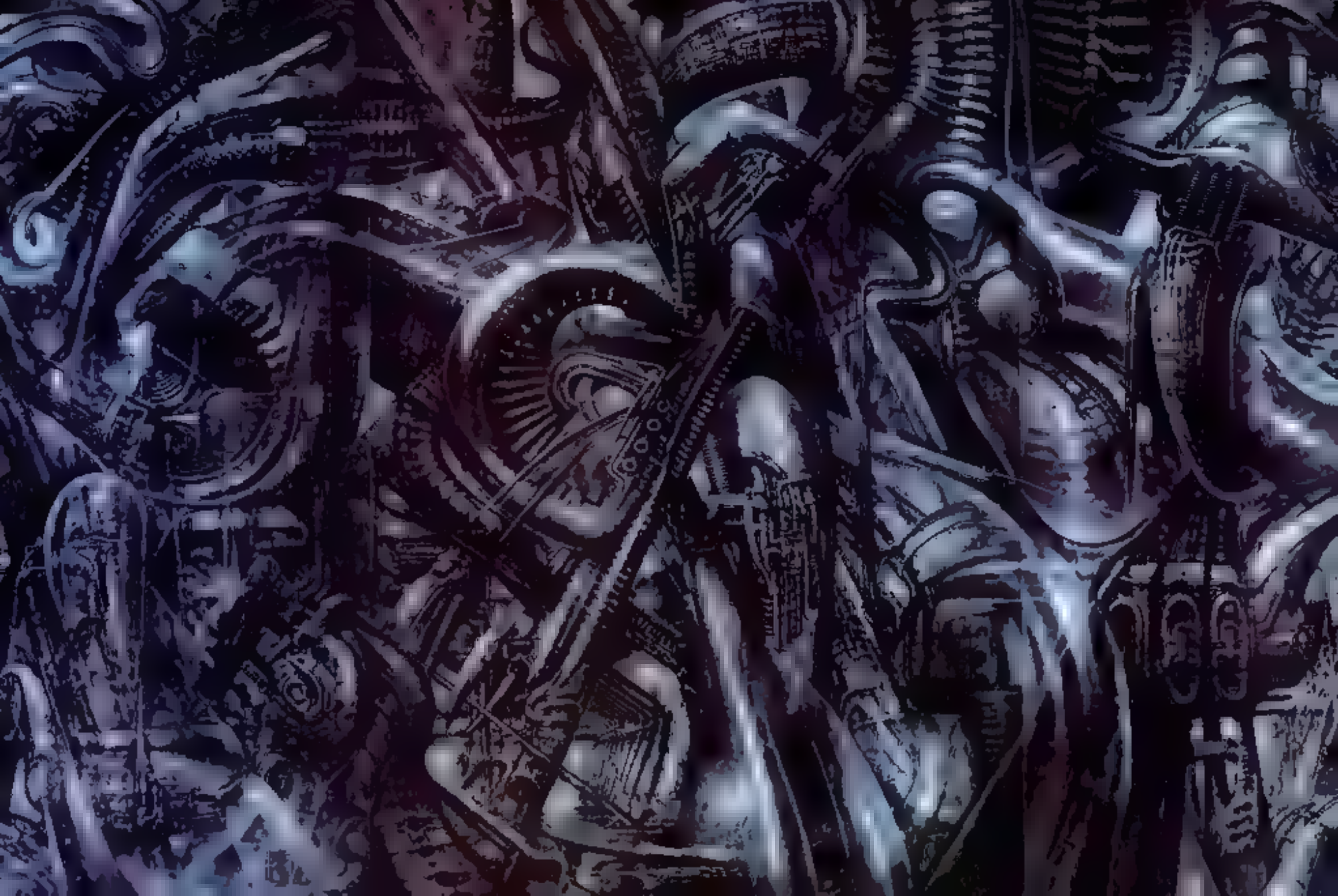
At first, I didn't particularly like the look of these stencils. My world works organically, and these objects were generically hostile to it. The best I could imagine happening was something essentially boring, like the façades presented by a modern housing development. So the first time I actually used them it was to destroy the background of a large

---

The New York cabbies are intensely proud of their city – and they're right: there is no crazier place imaginable. I was half in a trance, and totally overwhelmed. Two slightly-used hippies were dancing in front of the Chelsea Hotel, our destination, in a kind of unearthly pantomime. They bowed and curtsied their way through the most improbable contortions and danced us into the lobby.

The biggest hassle in New York was figuring out the subway. The only thing I found enormously fascinating was the beautiful graffiti inside and outside the cars: this was art, and basically it was the only new art that struck me as totally convincing. Except for the well-known greats – and also with the exception of the works on loan from the Hansen Galleries (NYC) – all I saw at the exhibitions were third- and fourth-rate imitations of Warhol, Rauschenberg, etc. Nothing that I could see betrayed any originality.





A couple of Viennese artists I knew Fantastic Realists like Schwertberger Matt Kharwein, etc explained to me that the chances of Fantastic Art's coming back into fashion were slim, despite the general artistic slump that followed the Radical Realists. The trend setters would never have the guts to declare that Fantastic Art was in especially since most of its exponents were foreigners. The only new art that didn't leave me cold besides those graffiti—was the adult comics. People like the American Rich Corben or the Frenchman Moebius are solitary geniuses.
Of course, their work is put down by the art world's ruling elite as mere illustration or folk art

---

composition that had become too edgy, too nervous. And the picture that emerged—part of a "temple environment" entitled "Aurora Mia"—was more settled, at ease with itself, better.

Suddenly, my picture had given birth to architecture reminiscent of the United Nations building in New York or the World Trade Center.

It was the effect of the stencils was so striking that I made up my mind to paint a series of smaller compositions—oil on 70 cm. canvases—in order to explore the enormous possibilities they offered up in combination with other stencils and templates, new ones.

Since that first application of these architectural "post-Corper" elements I've been making new variations almost non-stop, literally day and night. And that is how the Y. series took shape at my studio in Zürich.

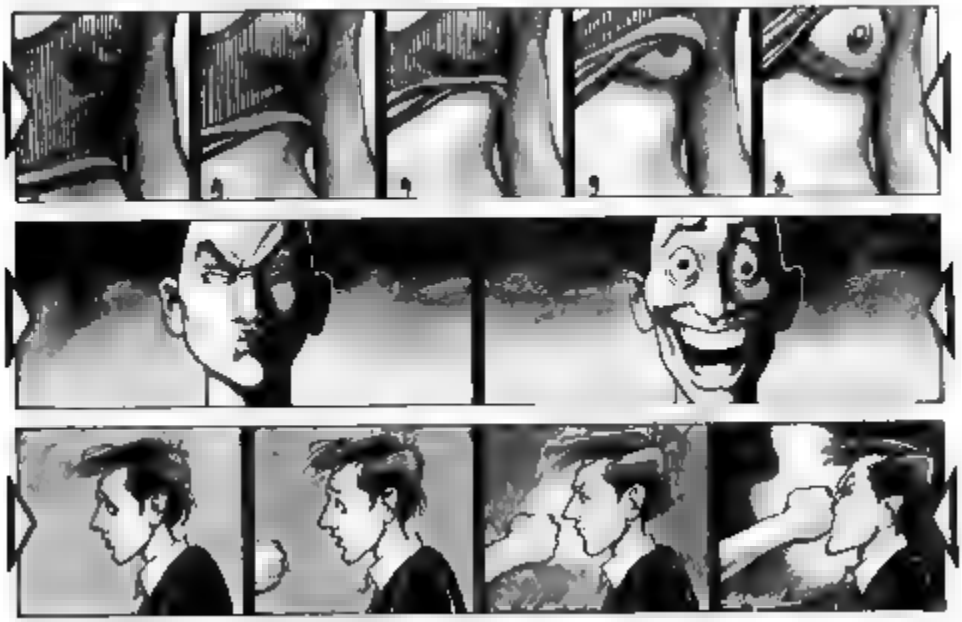
New York as seen from a constant presence throughout the project. Meanwhile I keep finding up-to-the-minute subjects for my surrealist painting. I still keep trying to get a handle on the abyss, the soulless machine that's all New York is, and to articulate my own reactions and perceptions of the cosmopolitan.

But anybody who thinks the stencil technique makes the job go faster is in for a letdown. The hours and days of endless searching, groping, and laboring for solutions are embodied in these pictures. I'm afraid that's practically all my previous work.

H. R. Giger

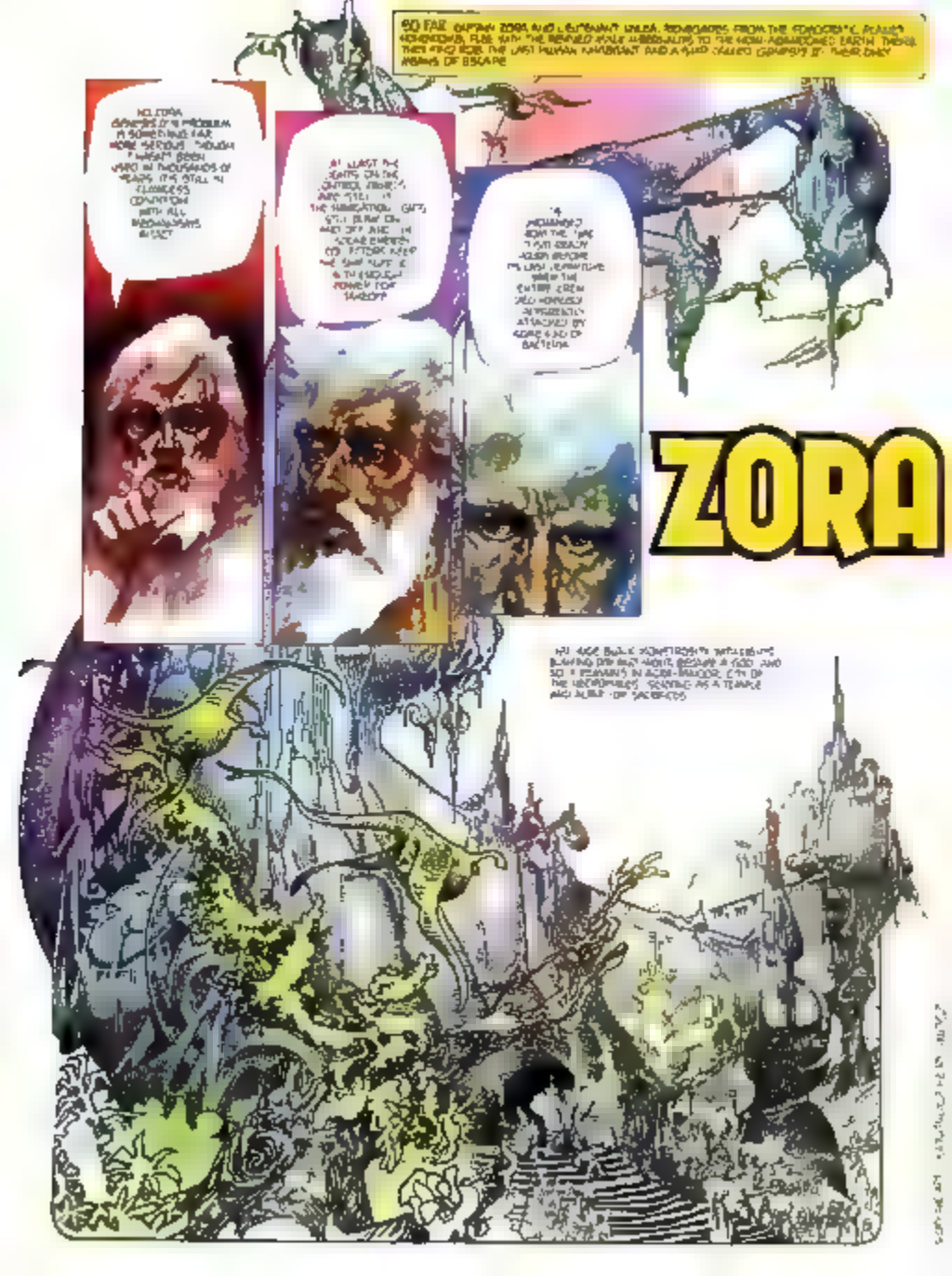
THE VOYAGE OF

AH I'M NO' GOING TO STAND HERE AND LET THE SUN!
AIN'T BE DERE!



1. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

INSTANT RESPECT
GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!
(BUY 4 TAKE 1 MORE FREE!)


ZORA

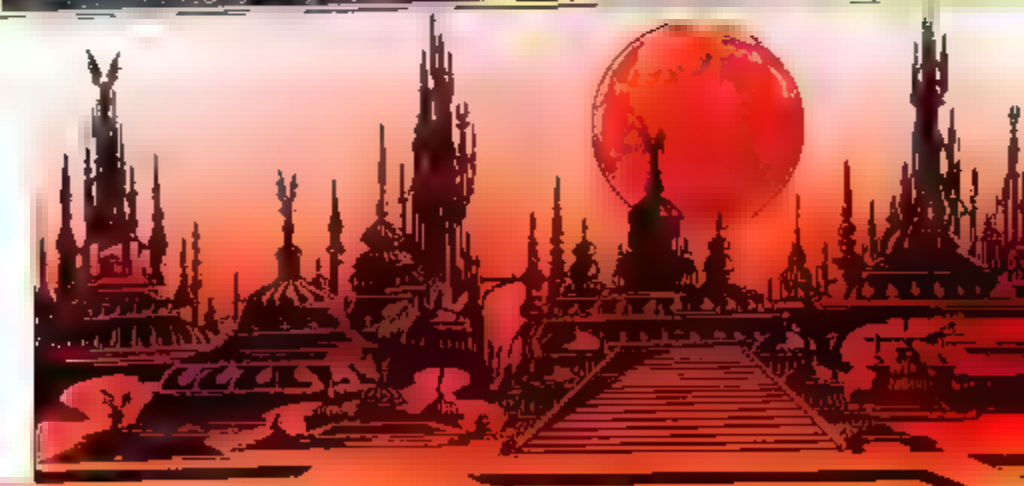
BRAAMM!

THE LAST WAR WAS A MERE DEATH MOTED AGAINST WHAT THE SAT-ELITE SYSTEM ON EARTH, NOT ONCE MORE, IS ANSWERED, AND ALL THE CITIES DESTROYED BUT THE RADIOACTIVITY HAS DISSIPATED LIKE A VENTAL PLAGUE
AND SOMETHING ELSE WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO MAN. FOR MORE YEARS THAN ANYONE COULD COUNT, AN ENDEAVOUR SATELLITE HAD RAN THE SKY OF THE REEL PLANETARY DEBRIS THAT THE ACCUMULATION OF THE PAST THEY ALWAYS IN ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH
MY NAME WAS JOEL COX. I WAS BORN WHEN TECHNOLOGY DOWN AMERICA HAD LATER NORMAL LIFE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH AND I, THE LAST MAN PROBABLY WOULD NOT LAST LONG EITHER
BECAUSE ABOUT 15 MINUTES ON THAT PLEASE, BEFORE THE END OF OUR STAY, THEY

TO BE CONTINUED

RAGAEL

TOWARDS CEMEROON THERE FLOWED RIVERS
OF MONOLITHS, AND IN THE CLOUDS OF HIS BIRTH
THE HEADS OF TITANS WITH EYES LIKE CHASMS
OPENED THE STRAITS OF MIRAGE BETWEEN
CONTINENTS OF STORM



IDOLS, PILLAR WITH AVID MOUTHS
THREATENED THE SKY. GUARDED IT
IN THE THOUSANDTH SUMMER
THE MOON OF THE GIANTS COULD SLIP
BETWEEN THE ULTIMATE PALACES

continued

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...WHERE WE'VE DISCOVERED THE MOST MASOCHISTIC SOCIAL CUSTOM OF ALL TIME...
CONDO BONDAGE!

STARFLOG

4

10

26

30

36

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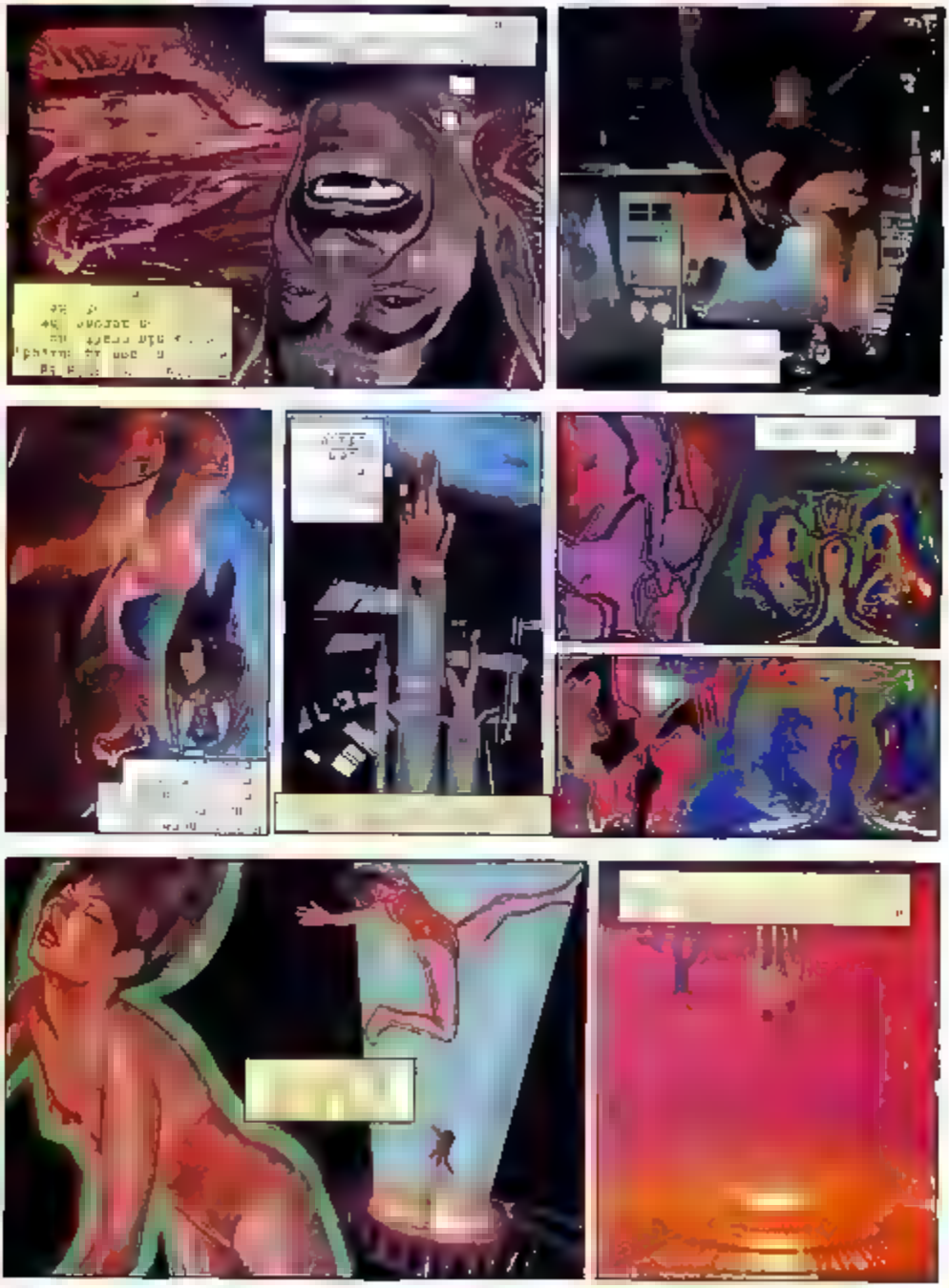


As we hurtled toward the horizon, his brave new world rose to meet us; row upon row of drab townhouses, surrounded by a forest of high-rise buses.

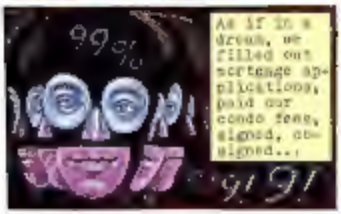
We've tried to think of everything you could want...
We pressed a button and the interiors appeared on the screen--
--complete with nagging wives pushing vacuum cleaners, sullen husbands reading the Sports Page, children screaming, TV sets blaring... they had thought of everything.

In the red glare of the sunset, their windows glowed like the coals of Hell.

We can't afford to buy condos--we don't have jobs.

You can work at the lava chip plant or the crusher factory!

We pushed another button, and the air began to smell of chemicals.

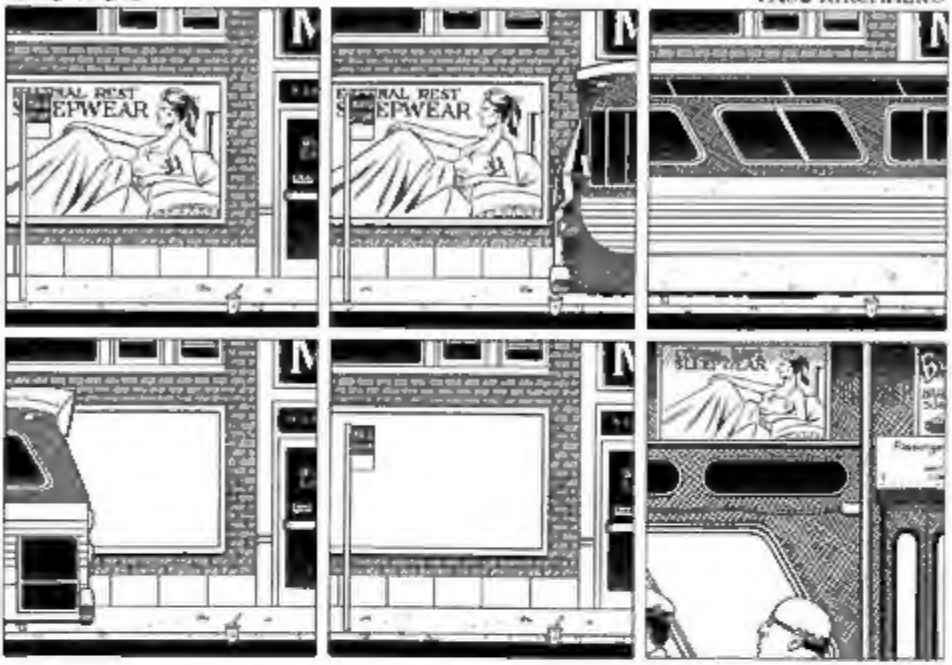

99%
As if in a dream, we filled out mortgage applications, paid our condo fees, signed, consigned...
9!9!

When I woke up it was morning--time to go to work. After all, I was a homeowner!
BZZZZZZ!!!

Howdy, Neighbor!
To Be Continued ...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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